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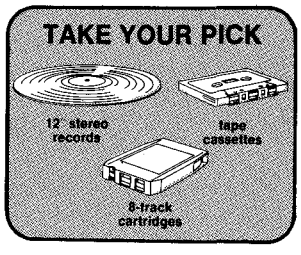

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TRB

from Washington,
November 4, 1978 ®

Pulling Together

President Carter *looked* persuasive delivering his anti-inflation speech. He was without cardigan, fireplace or other gimmicks. In his dark suit and a businessman's tie, he seemed an earnest leader with an important message to get over. "We must face a time of national austerity," he said. "Hard choices are necessary if we want to avoid consequences that are even worse." He was referring to runaway inflation and another deep recession. "There are those who say that a free economy cannot cope with inflation, and that we have lost our ability to act as a nation rather than as a collection of special interests," he said. "And I reply, 'What kind of people do they think we are?'"

Good, challenging stuff. But by the next morning, it was clear the president hadn't persuaded the right people. The dollar was falling to new record lows against both the yen and the mark, and the price of gold was soaring. The stock market, in spite of the administration's assurances that the tax cut bill would be signed, continued sliding downward. The president of the US Chamber of Commerce called for bigger cuts in government spending. Ralph Nader demanded cuts in government's help for business. The unions were leery. The Carter anti-inflation plan seemed to carry an overall label: "Won't Work."

The implications of this are pretty frightening. These are that a democratic people, using democratic means, are incapable of controlling their own appetites enough to protect the common good. We are able to restrain our lust for power in order to maintain a democracy; can't we voluntarily control our craving for money?

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Part of the answer to this quandry has to be that after 202 years at it, we know and trust our power-sharing system, but when it comes to controlling the economy, we are like the latest post-colonial members of the United Nations—we haven't any rules, rival tribes distrust each other and authoritarianism seems the only way to keep the peace.

It's true that no one understands exactly how to keep both inflation and unemployment at acceptable levels, but President Carter's message, if anyone cares to take another look at it, does represent the best prevailing wisdom on the subject, though perhaps not in the mix to suit everyone. First, he'll try to cut government deficits, which contribute to inflation by mandating government borrowing and money-printing. Then, he's going to cut down on government regulation, which puts a drag on productivity and limits the power of free competition to hold down prices. He wants corporations to hold price increases to 5¾ percent, and unions to hold wage hikes (except for the lowest-paid workers) to 7 percent.

If I had any quarrel with President Carter's mix, I'd say he didn't put enough emphasis on productivity as a means both of controlling inflation and boosting the droopy dollar abroad. Over the past 25 years, American productivity (output of goods per man-hour) grew 2.9 percent a year, but over the past 10 years it declined to 1.6 percent. Last year, US productivity growth was about half that of West Germany and about a third of that in Japan. The blame doesn't lie with workers alone, or even principally. American corporations aren't reinvesting their huge profits in new machinery. The government, and not industry, nowadays is paying for most of the basic research and development going on in the United States. Something's happened to the work ethic, but also to the save-and-invest ethic and the invent-something-new ethic, too.

A lively debate has been going on in England over whether that country's productivity decline is bad or good. London correspondent of the *Washington Post*, Bernard Nossiter, set it off with a book called *Britain: The Future that Works*, contending that English relaxation about work (none dare call it laziness) is a model for the post-industrial era. But Britain's ambassador to the United States, Peter Jay, calls that attitude "rubbish, and dangerous rubbish, at that."

The lanky Mr. Jay, who represents his government with special verve because his prime minister is also his father-in-law, claims that Britain had the scare of its life in 1974 and 1975, when inflation reached 30 percent, and now is taking steps to cure the inflation disease. Prime Minister James Callaghan *has* got Britain's inflation down to eight percent, and his policy is not too different from President Carter's.

But Ambassador Jay argues that the industrial democracies face a structural problem with inflation, too. There is a tendency, he says, for all the main sectors of economic society—unions, businesses, banks, bureaucrats—to reward themselves beyond what they've earned in terms of productivity. They seek protectionist laws to safeguard their markets. They try to use the government to get tax breaks, regulate competition and prevent newcomers from entering their field. Unions jack up wages and benefits. Businessmen expand their tax-free perks. Lawyers write more complicated regulations for other lawyers to make money deciphering.

All this padding costs money, which gets paid for both in higher prices and in society's inability to give a productive job to everyone who wants one. Then, government tries to ease unemployment and poverty with new expenditures that are also inflationary. This is the pattern in almost all the western democracies, Jay says, though they differ in their levels of tolerance for inflation or unemployment.

If there is an answer to the structural problems of inflation and unemployment, it seems to lie in everyone's pulling together, which was the underlying theme of President Carter's speech last Wednesday. The West Germans have developed some new techniques for pulling together for common goals. They've arranged for workers to have a say, along with management, in how businesses are run, and it seems to work. Instead of pushing for outrageous wage demands, workers have an interest in efficiency and productivity, too. The British government plans to encourage more worker input, and so should we. We ought to try anything that will make our economy more like our constitutional politics—more democratic and less combative.

(The regular contributor of TRB is on vacation. This column was written by a member of the TNR *staff.)*

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Correspondence

Dukakis defended

To the editors:

It's unfortunate that a progressive journal like *TNR* could not offer a post-election analysis devoid of a strong dose of very personalized, explicit venom directed at one of the candidates, Governor Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts ("Please Remain Calm," *TNR*, October 7).

First, it should be noted that in the late stages of Michael Dukakis's 1974 campaign against incumbent Francis Sargent, Sargent released a series of "name" endorsements intended to counteract organized labor's similar pronouncements on behalf of the Dukakis-O'Neill ticket. While Sargent charged his opponent with trotting out "heavy hitters," he implied his own supporters were something better—motivated, presumably, by more noble purposes. Among those nobler individuals were former senators Leverett Saltonstall and Henry Cabot Lodge and Harvard lecturer Martin Peretz, later to purchase and serve as editor of *TNR*.

For *TNR* to declare it demogoguery when Governor Michael Dukakis rode to work on a subway and flew coach to Washington seems a trifle outlandish, more in keeping with the mentality of my own state's most widely read medium than a responsible political journal. And to proclaim without the least bit of hesitation that candidate Dukakis "ran on a lie" in stating he believed state tax increases in the near future would not be necessary suggests *TNR* is intimate with the deepest recesses of Michael Dukakis's mind.

Dukakis as governor has, in fact, departed from traditional liberal policy in a number of areas since January 1975, just as *TNR* has done of late on the question of the law's assurance of equal access and opportunity for non-whites. And *TNR* would be abdicating its responsibility as a respected voice of the Left if it commented on the Dukakis record and failed to make note of these departures. But to color its assessment of Governor Dukakis's administration with resentment and commentary with an ax to grind is out of step with *TNR*'s history of excellence.

Regretfully, *TNR* further fails to point out that in two areas of special concern to liberals and civil libertarians—Medicaid abortions and capital punishment—the threat of exercise of a gubernatorial veto prevented one "advanced democracy" from turning back on some long-awaited, enlightened policy.

Phil Grandmaison
Concord, New Hampshire

To the editors:

I, for one, am a Massachusetts citizen who disagrees with your poor opinion of Dukakis as governor of Massachusetts (*TNR*, October 7). Sure, the various groups and machines that were hurt by him are angry—they always are, when money can't run freely into their coffers!

However, Massachusetts citizens wanted an honest man as governor when they elected Dukakis, and that's just what they got. The fact that Dukakis was defeated in the primaries, in my mind, has more to do with the fact that the citizenry (as well as Dukakis himself, apparently) didn't believe he was really in political trouble, in spite of the state police, and in spite of *Boston Globe* articles calling attention to his inability to be chummy or buddy-buddy or, if you like—smart, politically. Therefore, many people who voted in the primary thought it was more important to cross party lines in order to save Edward Brooke, and in so doing, they allowed Governor Dukakis to fall by the wayside, much to their surprise and chagrin when the votes were counted.

One hopes that Dukakis will go on to other and more appreciated jobs than trying to take over a state in such poor fiscal order as Massachusetts was when Frank Sargent left office; and in the meantime, since *all* of us turn out to be expendable, Massachusetts will probably turn to Mr. Hatch, since I can't imagine its forward-looking citizens going backwards to the likes of Mr. King and all the back-room politicking he seems to stand for. Should the latter turn out to be the case, then hysteria will really have set in and so I do say with *TNR* "Please Remain Calm"!

Ann F. Gut
Worcester, Massachusetts

Radical Conservatives

To the editors:

Your correspondent Kondracke's assessment of the current state of play of British politics ("Tory Time," *TNR*, October 14) relies on the two wholly false premises that Mr. Callaghan is a moderate and that Mrs. Thatcher is a cold "cultured pearl."

To describe Callaghan as "center-right" is, clearly, a joke—he is, after all, the man who has presided over the steady drift to the left which has characterized the Labour Party since Harold Wilson's resignation, and which has ensured the Trade Union Movement the dominant voice which it now enjoys in the running of the country.

As for Mrs. Thatcher's much vaunted unpopularity, there is no evidence of this—quite to the contrary in fact, as shown by the local elections earlier this year in which she led her party to a victory of landslide proportions.

The truth of the matter is that it is the Conservative Party today which represents the hopes and aspirations of the British people—and, indeed, democracy itself. The steady stream of refugees which it has received from Labour—whether they be cabinet ministers such as Reg Prentice or industrialists like Sir Richard Marsh—clearly demonstrates that the Conservative Party is not the isolated Goldwaterite sect of Kondracke's imagination, but a radical force waiting to rescue the nation from what Paul Johnson, that brilliant and influential former socialist, has called "that grubby and interminable farce, Labour in office."

David Soskin
Harvard University

Jawaharlal Nehru

To the editors:

Your contributor, David Pryce-Jones, identifies Jawaharlal Nehru as one among a "shameless crew of tyrants" who "acquired power not for the sake of those on whose behalf he purported to rule but at their expense" ("The New Arab World," *TNR*, October 7). Nehru may have been a complex figure but he was a consistent proponent of a democratic, secular India. Will you please arrange a short tutorial on Indian political development for Mr. Pryce-Jones?

Merril R. Goodall
Claremont, California

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 4, 1978

Give us a Better Congress

Members of the 95th Congress are likely to be encouraged by the latest Louis Harris-ABC News poll. Sixty-five percent of those asked to evaluate Congress gave it a negative rating. Yet almost as many, 57 percent, gave their individual congressman a positive rating. Don't the voters realize that the whole is the sum of its parts? Congressional incumbents have so successfully co-opted their constituencies that they keep winning no matter what they do in Washington. Barring the unexpected, the voters will even reelect 14 congressmen who were either investigated, indicted or convicted during the 95th Congress.

One of the great unreported scandals of our time is precisely the manner in which members of Congress use their power and perquistes to fortify their electoral strength. A congressman who knows all the ropes can make himself nearly invincible. One method is to send out millions of chatty newsletters to the folks back home. Most of these messages are barely disguised campaign propaganda intended solely to embellish the the member's image with the voters. The taxpayers, however, have to pay for these advertising campaigns, since they fall under the franking privilege. Common Cause, which has filed a suit to limit the use of the congressional frank, notes that the bulk of mailings go out during election years. At other times, one presumes, congressmen feel less urgency about the need to keep their constituents informed.

It's somewhat ironic that Common Cause has undertaken to eliminate one big advantage incumbents have over challengers, since that organization has done as much as anyone to make successful challenges difficult. The campaign finance reform bill passed in 1974 provided a healthy measure of protection to incumbents by placing limits on campaign expenditures and individual contributions. These limits severely handicap challengers, who have neither the franking privilege nor the easy access to the news media enjoyed by incumbent congressmen. Ordinarily it costs a lot more to unseat a congressman than to hold on to a seat once you've got it. By restricting campaign spending and donations, the incumbents took away the most potent threat to their political safety.

The burgeoning responsibilities of the federal government, like it or not, are another source of political capital to incumbent congressmen. Traditional pork barrel measures—building dams, keeping military bases open, constructing highways—still serve as a good way of maintaining popularity with the voters. But increasingly the congressional office exists less to handle legislative matters than to serve as a liason between the average citizen and his government. If a voter fails to get his Social Security check, or if he needs help getting a small business loan, or if HEW is slow in processing his son's application for a college loan, then he'll call his congressman. And when the problem is solved, the congressman will have a permanent supporter. Even if the problem can't be solved, the constituent usually will be grateful that the congressman's staff proved so sympathetic. The more responsibilities the federal government takes on, the more voters will have reason to deal with government agencies, and the more often they'll need the help of their congressmen. Small wonder, then, that individual members can remain popular even as contempt for the whole Congress runs high.

The last session of Congress ended with a spate of activity perhaps unmatched in legislative history. In all, 189 separate bills flamed through the House and Senate in its last week. Most have yet to reach the White House, and no one's really sure what the president will do with them. The most controversial of these bills, the tax cut, has provoked liberals into demanding a veto. Although Carter has signalled he won't accede, it's now clear even to those baffled by tax language that the bill is another rich-get-richer-poor-get-poorer scheme. Even the cuts will only match a Social Security tax increase already set to clobber citizens in 1979. The president apparently won't veto the bill because he doesn't want to clash with the pre-election mood of

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voters who are angry at taxes and big government. Even Democrats in the Northeast industrial corridor and the West have latched onto tax cuts, and it's paid off.

In Illinois, veteran vote-getter Charles Percy faces of all things, a conservative challenge from his Democratic opponent—and a strong one at that. He's trailing in one poll and ahead in another. Democratic gubernatorial candidate Michael Bakalis, meanwhile, is wooing the more conservative downstate voters with a property tax-cut message. In California, Governor Jerry Brown is striving with his Republican opponent, Evelle Younger, to out-Jarvis Howard Jarvis.

Whatever his reservations, President Carter also knows that without some sort of tax bill, the poor would lose more than the rich. Yet when the Social Security tax increase and the inflation rate are added together, taxpayers in the middle income range—those who earn between $10,000 and $50,000 a year—will actually pay more in taxes, not less, according to most calculations. This inequity is the result, in part, of Congress's decision to offer substantial relief to capital gains taxpayers. It also reflects a number of obscure amendments, which offer tax loopholes for special interest groups which lobbied effectively for their causes. These, of course, aren't new, and fewer made it through conference than usual, but nonetheless they clutter the tax code with cuts for those who need them least. When he signs this bill, Carter will be doing the politically expedient thing at the expense—literally—of the taxpayers he wants to help.

Carter finally got an energy bill. But the battle hardly settled what he once called "the moral equivalent of war." Speaker Tip O'Neill, whose legislative wizardry got the Carter energy package through the House last year, threw five different bills into one and shepherded them past a deadlocked conference committee. A three-day filibuster ensued by Senator James Abourezk, who wanted one last hour in the spotlight before his impending retirement. The energy bill finally passed the House at 7:30 Sunday morning despite liberal opposition to its natural gas deregulation provisions. Oil state conservatives, meanwhile, objected to bringing intrastate prices under federal regulation for the first time. The bill passed, thanks to the pragmatism that sometimes seizes legislators in the final moments of a congressional session. But the bill is a tattered remnant of the energy bill that President Carter first introduced, and the world's money traders have shown they have no confidence whatever in its ability to lessen US dependence on imported oil. The bill deserves to be signed, but this is a war that is far from over.

The 95th Congress also killed, or let die, a bill to establish a cabinet Department of Education. This was a Carter campaign promise, but on the Hill it proved to be one of his most unpopular proposals, as big-government paranoia swept through their chambers. We don't favor a new department, either. We already have one DOE, and don't need another. But what a spectacle it was for Congress to decide to save money by sparing us a new federal building, while the Senate provided itself with yet another office building, complete with swimming pools, gymnasiums and sauna. Not all of Congress's failures came during its final surge toward adjournment. The Senate filibuster against labor law reform was said to be a temporary obstacle at the time it occurred, but the bill never resurfaced after being stopped in July by anti-labor forces led by Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah.

Congress betrayed its constituency most flagrantly on ethics. At the same time that some members were writing new legislation to require financial disclosure for House and Senate members, others were fighting charges that they had covertly violated the public trust before Watergate. The scandal over Korean influence-buying led to indictments and convictions of several former members of Congress. And although the much-heralded investigation directed by Leon Jaworski failed to turn up enough wrongdoing to assure him another page in the history books, it did unearth several instances of congressional misbehavior that might be grounds for disciplinary action. The three members charged with accepting money from South Korean businessman Tongsun Park—Edward R. Roybal, John J. McFall and Charles H. Wilson, all California Democrats—merely had their wrists slapped by the House. The ethics panel recommended censure of Roybal, but the House disagreed, 219-170, and Roybal was embraced by his colleagues on the House floor. Even John J. Flynt, the chairman of the ethics committee often criticized for his weak commitment to reform, was annoyed by the House's behavior.

A week before Congress adjourned, a US District Court jury in Washington convicted Charles Diggs, a Detroit Democrat, on 29 counts of mail fraud and payroll kickbacks that could keep him in jail for 145 years. Diggs generously volunteered to relieve himself of all his voting duties for the final days of the session, but presumably will win reelection easily. So, for that matter, will his California colleagues. It will then be up to the House to expel Diggs or accept him as one more criminal in their midst.

The scandal surrounding Pennsylvania congressmen Daniel Flood and Joshua Eilberg continues to grow: Eilberg was indicted last week by the Philadelphia grand jury whose work began under former prosecutor David Marston. It was Eilberg who tried to intercede with President Carter and Attorney General Griffin Bell to have Marston removed from his job last winter. Eilberg succeeded, but apparently the grand jury already had all the evidence on him it needed. He's in a tight race for reelection and now charges that the indictment's timing was political. That's gall.

His colleague, Flood, faces no such trouble with his constituents. Once he returns to Congress in January,

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he'll face not only his normal congressional workload, toiling on behalf of his constituents, but also a legal battle over indictments charging perjury, bribery and conspiracy. It should be a busy two years, especially since his employer is in Washington and the court is in Los Angeles. Does Congress dock his pay for the days he'll miss?

The 95th Congress disgraced the legislative branch. Its members whitewashed the abuses of more than a few, and as an institution it failed to act in the interests of the people it claims to serve. It once was that the Congress, the president and the courts fought most vehemently for the rights of those who had no power to fight for themselves—those without money or influence. Congressmen, theoretically, are the most immediate representatives the people have in the federal government. We disagree with those voters who fault the Congress as a whole while praising individual members. Congressmen who commit crimes should be expelled, and congressmen who serve only special interests at the expense of the rest of us should be voted out. We hope the voters of 1978 are dissatisfied with the 95th Congress and will vote for change. Otherwise, nothing will be any different in the 96th.

White House Watch

News from Cloud 9

Let it be said right off that Jimmy Carter's White House associates and spokesmen would say that the above headline is a misstatement if it refers to him, which it does. The White House story is that the President is *not* on Cloud 9, where much that this reporter observes and hears about him would seem to put him. The stories of confidence amounting to exuberance that emerge from his and Rosalynn Carter's dinners with journalists and his zestful claims of achievement during the current spate of pre-election trips and speeches should not, one is told, be mistaken for euphoria. He is quite aware, the corrective cautions go, that the spurt in his poll ratings that followed the first appearance of success at the Camp David Mideast summit abated within 10 days. Later polls and his own poller, Patrick Caddell, told him with cruel clarity that the public's appraisal of his overall performance, and particularly of his domestic performance, was falling back in late October toward the lows of last summer. It was said that he didn't need to be told, though he was being told by some of his associates, that failure of his new anti-inflation program, or Senate refusal to ratify a strategic arms limitation treaty, or repudiation of his leadership on any one of several other issues, could put him and his presidency back where they were as recently as August.

Well, not quite that far back and down. The best evidence that the President and his people believe that a general perception of failure and inadequacy has been transformed into a general perception of success and effectiveness is the assertion, heard often at the White House, that at the very worst Jimmy Carter will never again be thought by a significant portion of the public to be a non-leader, a non-President, incapable of being an effective President. The fact that he brought Prime Minister Begin of Israel and President Sadat of Egypt to the point of agreement upon at least the frameworks of Israeli-Egyptian and broader Israeli-Arab peace cannot be minimized or forgotten. The fact that a hitherto recalcitrant Congress sustained two critical vetoes and enacted a mass of acceptable legislation, however short of his original proposals much of it fell, demonstrated that important numbers of senators and representatives no longer assume that they can disregard his policies and preferences with impunity. So went the White House consensus, even among Carter people who realized and said that the impression of presidential success and ascendancy may be stronger and more prevalent in political Washington and in the national media than it is "out there" among the public at large.

The impression of sudden success and the sense at the White House of recovery from a very low low were strong enough to cause me to spend late October getting around the place, asking everybody in reach how much of the change was real, how much of it was illusory, and what had brought about improvement to the extent that it was real.

Carter's friend, attorney, property trustee and unofficial counsellor, Charles Kirbo, spends a good deal of time at the White House, but was at his law office in Atlanta when he was asked whether he thought the upturn was real, what he thought had caused it, and in particular whether some change in Carter had contributed to it. He replied in essence: "There is an upturn and it's the effect of long, careful study and work. He's got a different style from what people in Washington are accustomed to. What many people thought were indications of weakness turned out to be virtues. He's changed his tactics but fundamentally he hasn't changed at all. The change has been in people's understanding of Carter and the kind of man he is. He is the same Jimmy Carter I've always known, the same Jimmy Carter who was elected, and he will be the same Jimmy Carter in the next two years—slow to make up his mind, but determined and stubborn as hell once he does, and those qualities will get him into the same kind of trouble they did until recently and he will come out of it just as he has recently. I don't see any great upshot in popularity because he's going to attack controversial issues just like he did in the first two years and he's

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going to go on making a lot of people mad. It's just like it was when he was governor of Georgia. He was thought to be weak and unsuccessful in his first two years, strong and a great success in his second two years."

Robert Lipshutz, another Georgia lawyer and Carter's White House counsel, argued in a speech last March 20 that the presidency hadn't changed Carter in any fundamental way and never would. A popular supposition was that Carter had overloaded Congress with too many major proposals and would slow down. "It simply is not in character for him to do that," Lipshutz said; Carter would never duck tough legislation and "serious responsibility" of any kind because it was deemed to be controversial and politically unwise. Lipshutz was wrong about the legislative slowdown. There will be fewer new proposals at the next session, partly because Carter and his assistants have a keener appreciation of what they can get and a greater respect for the possible than they displayed at the start. But most people around Carter would agree with Lipshutz, in a later interview, that the President's "fundamental characteristics, fundamental motivations, have been reinforced rather than changed" by the White House experience. "That does not mean," Lisphutz continued in the interview, "that he's not going to learn, as we all do, how to accomplish certain things better as time goes on. In that respect the President and all of us are engaged in a continuous learning process."

An assistant with a somewhat more detached view of Carter said of him: "I think the President has learned that you have got to deal and, underlying that notion, that this is a very different place from Georgia. I think he's gained a lot more sophisticated understanding of the national political process than he had when he came here. He's learned that sometimes you can bargain things out and sometimes the world is not necessarily the worse as a result." Here the assistant threw in a related point about Vice President Mondale, a former senator and congressman with a knowledge of the national process that Carter didn't have in 1976. "On the other hand," the assistant said, "I think the Vice President has learned that you can't always work it out. While the President has become much more flexible, the Vice President has become much less so."

An explanation in parable form of Carter's new flexibility and of how assistants have learned to exploit it was heard during this inquiry. "You can't get the President to compromise—not at this stage, anyway; we'll see how it is six months before the 1980 election—on purely political grounds. You cannot go to him and say, 'They'll hate you in California unless you build this dam.' He'll say, 'The hell with you.' But you can go to him and say, 'Now, this dam is very important to the California delegation and here are three things we've got to have their cooperation on. We don't think this dam is terrific but here is why it is not the worst thing that ever happened. On balance, to get these three things that are really important, you ought to do something you don't entirely like and let them have this dam.' He will weigh and balance that and he may make the decision you want him to make so long as the issue is the ability to advance his general program."

The perception of improvement is connected with and partly rooted in improved performance at the Carter White House in the past six months. Behind the improved performance is what a senior assistant calls "a change in attitude." That change began with Carter, it surfaced a year ago with Press Secretary Jody Powell's admission that things simply were not going as well for the President and the administration as they should, and it resulted in Carter convening his Cabinet and his senior assistants (along with his pal Kirbo) last April in closed conference at Camp David. The change in attitude was from a mix of righteousness and complacency to sheer fright, although of course nobody at the White House describes it that way. The fear was that the Carter presidency and Carter's chances of reelection in 1980 were going down the drain. As has been amply reported, here and elsewhere, Carter put his hitherto maverick Cabinet under White House command—specifically his and chief assistant Hamilton Jordan's command—and started tightening up staff processes and beefing up staff resources.

Among the changes were the addition to the senior staff of Anne Wexler and Gerald Rafshoon and the promotion to the senior staff of Timothy Kraft. Wexler, a tough and talented politico from Connecticut, mobilizes private groups including the crassest available interest groups in support of Carter legislation and of Carter himself. Rafshoon, a sometime Atlanta advertising man and communications adviser, was recruited by Rosalynn Carter and is in charge of enhancing the national estimate of both Carters, with special emphasis on Jimmy Carter. Kraft, a young veteran of the Carter presidential campaign, took over from Hamilton Jordan liaison with the national and state Democratic parties and the responsibility for presidential appointments throughout the government, both of these being duties that Jordan detested and admits he didn't perform very well. Jack Watson, an Atlanta lawyer who is Cabinet Secretary and assistant for inter-governmental relations, was brought more closely into the support operation than he had been. Louis Martin joined up as the senior staff black and Sarah Weddington as the senior staff feminist. The end result of these and other changes has been what all hands testify, and all signs indicate, is a breadth and quality of staff support that Jimmy Carter has not previously enjoyed and initially didn't think he needed.

The most interesting, surprising and probably the most important change involves Hamilton Jordan. I interpreted the Camp David decisions in April to mean that Carter had at last recognized his need for a staff chief with full authority and had given Jordan the necessary status and authority without admitting it. I

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was wrong. What I and some of the most experienced assistants at the Carter White House thought would be impossible has occurred. The coordination and order that Carter needs and didn't have for many months have been introduced without the installation of a chief of staff, using the term in its conventional sense. Carter persists in not wanting one, Jordan refuses to be one, and a thoroughly unlikely alternative has been working well since mid-summer. White House and departmental task forces headed by "coordinators"—Carter assistants with no more formal power than other members of task forces, groups or committees have—are organized to deal with specific issues, problems, legislation and mobilize needed support. Here in theory are the makings of chaos, but in fact, according to respected officials, effective work has been going on.

Jordan is all over the lot, but only in spots he chooses. Carter has brought him into foreign as well as domestic policy discussion and formulation, primarily to make sure that the domestic political impacts of foreign policy decisions are anticipated and considered. His role was described as follows: "He coordinates the staff, but he doesn't manage it. His influence is very great and very subtle. When things are going well, he doesn't have to get involved. When there is a problem and leadership is needed to solve it, Hamilton gets involved. He may involve himself, or others on the senior staff may ask him to involve himself. On the foreign policy side, he is more of an observer than a policy maker. But a lot of political angles would probably slip through the cracks if he wasn't there to raise the flag and say, we need to think about this and think about that, do this and do that. Some people on the domestic side resent it. They say, now why in the hell is he doing that? We've got Brzezinski, we've got a State Department. He ought to be helping with these domestic things. The fact is, he is the only link between the domestic things and the foreign things. And he's more the adviser to the President, less the operator, than he was at first. He has more time than he used to have to be with the President, to discuss with him, interact with him on important things instead of the crap he used to have responsibility for."

A shrewd observation brought this rather generous characterization of Jordan and his role closer to earth and perhaps to reality. It was: "You always hear it said, the lure of foreign policy is great, for presidents. Well, hell, that's true of staff people, too. It's a lot more stimulating to hear foreign policy problems discussed, think about them, than it is to fool with civil service reform and economics."

Is Jordan, aged 34, not long out of Georgia and until lately over-inclined toward publicized gaucheries, up to it all? I think so. Carter thinks so.

John Osborne

TNR sets the odds—you supply the money.

How to Bet the 1978 Elections

by Ken Bode

With only a week to go, it seems about time to set the odds for the 1978 elections. If this were England, you could stroll legally into a local bookmaking shop and put down a few bob on just about any kind of sporting proposition, especially elections. Ladbrookes of London even made book on the papal conclaves. Albino Luciani of Venice (John Paul I) closed at 33-1, and Karol Wojtyla (John Paul II) went off the boards at longer odds than Jimmy Carter's and George McGovern's combined.

In this country, if you want to make a friendly political wager, you're more or less on your own. Except in presidential years, there's no Las Vegas line, no one to establish the odds and only a few enterprising bookmakers willing to lay off money and cover both sides. To glean a few clues to how things are going, you have to become a political junkie—study the columnists, monitor the polls, check the networks, read the newsmagazines, and you're still 10 days behind. Unless you happen to be in the nation's capital, of course, where you can uncover an informal Washington line on

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any given race by hanging out at places such as Duke Ziebert's, the Washington Palm, the Class Reunion or the Monocle and interviewing the political cognoscenti. You can scare up very little action in these establishments, but the clientele makes it a point to be informed about everything political. So, for the price of a few Scotches, you can get all the inside dope. If you bet on what you're told, however, you'll probably wake up the morning after the election to find yourself wishing you'd left your money in your other pants.

Still, inside dope is the key to making a smart wager, whether you're betting the pro football point spread or the number of seats the Republican Party will pick up next Tuesday. Inside dope is what horse players are trying to come by when they poke around the paddocks and stables. Before a fellow puts down money on a boxing match, he likes to have the minimum necessary information on the participants—such as whether somebody else has both judges and the referee "in the satchel," as they say. In politics, you want to know what the polls show, whose campaign manager just walked out, whether the unions actually produced the money they promised, whether the graveyard vote can still be delivered, who's running out of money for television commercials in the last week, and who's about to be indicted. If you are tempted to bet on Jesse Helms in the North Carolina Senate race, for example, because you heard that Richard Viguerie has raised him a campaign war chest of $6 million, it helps to know that it cost Helms 50-60-70 cents on the dollar to raise that money. That's just basic. You still may wish to bet on Jesse Helms, of course.

If you haven't been following things at all this year but you'd still like to get a little money down for or against some politician just to liven up election night, you will be interested in just one little story about an election bet, involving the late John M. Bailey, who was Democratic state chairman in Connecticut for about a quarter of a century. In 1954, Bailey's handpicked candidate for governor was Abe Ribicoff, who squeaked into office with a 3200-vote margin. Four years later, in a bar, Bailey was approached by a Republican acquaintance who noisily offered to wager that Ribicoff would not be reelected—even up, were the terms he suggested, with a new hat as the stakes. Sensing his prey, Bailey responded, "I can't let it get around that the Democratic state chairman is betting the governor's race even up, and I don't need a new hat. Tell you what, though, we'll bet a penny a vote on the margin of difference and I'll spot you what Abe won by last time." They shook on it. Ribicoff won by 246,000 votes and John Bailey was owed $2428. That's what I mean. When you bet, be sure the other guy doesn't know more than you do.

If not from the braintrusters at the political watering holes of Washington, DC, where does one come by the information needed to make a smart bet? Well, you might start with the insider political newsletters of fellows like Alan Baron and Kevin Phillips. These are the Hot Horse Harrys of American politics and what they put out is the closest thing there is to a racing form on the elections. At campaign time, the things they dig up can be worth even the inflated sums they charge for a subscription. So, read the tout sheets, then lay a few rolls of dimes alongside the telephone, pick your races and go to work.

You call pollsters, who are not always the sphinxes their clients pay them to be. You also talk to the guys who give away money for labor unions and political action committees to find out who's being stiffed in the closing days. You call up political consultants who make their way in life by being savvy and who know that if they steer you wrong you'll tell everybody you meet for about the next two years that they're dumb as stumps. Inside 30 days of the election, you avoid candidates, campaign managers and press secretaries, all of whom have ceased to be able to recognize the truth and wouldn't tell it to you if they did.

You might want to talk to the local sheriff who sells his political organization at least once in every election and find out who he's for. Then you check with the fellows who bid for the "walkin' around money" on election day and see who they like this year. To find out where the rural vote is going, you see how they're betting it in the small town pool halls and barbershops.

Then you make a special short list of those pollsters and political hired guns who usually will cover a bet on their own candidates but this year respectfully decline. A most pertinent piece of data.

You consider turnout. It is always lower in the off years, but there may be something on the ballot that turns out particular groups, and it just might spill over into a race that interests you. For example, the homosexual and capital punishment propositions in California may turn out an extraordinary number of rightwingers, to the possible peril of Jerry Brown. On the other hand, the proposition to allow dental technicians to fit false teeth can be discounted in the Oregon governor's race.

Now, before making the odds, one general warning. Everyone you meet will tell you that the mood of the electorate this year is very sour indeed. People are irked with Washington, tired of scandals and preparing to articulate the popular rage at the polling place. In a Nevada congressional primary, "None of the above" came in first. Then there are the famous cases of Michael Dukakis and Clifford Case. In his most recent poll, Lou Harris asked voters to rank various institutions and Congress came out dead last. With the entire House up for election, incumbents will be the first to assure you, "It's going to be tough on incumbents this year." Well, much too much is being made of this and with a little enterprise you might find a way to turn it to your advantage. In fact, there are a few incumbent governors and senators in trouble, but

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they're easy to spot. Most of them, unfortunately, are home free. Despite the bellyaching, it's been a trend in the House for the past few elections that about 95 percent of the incumbents who run again, win again, and the same thing will happen again next Tuesday. People don't like Congress, but they're not ready to indict themselves for voting wrong the last time. So, if you can find somebody who really thinks this is the year of the insurgent, it's hay in the barn for you. Follow him everywhere and lay off the rest of your bad bets here.

If you're tempted to bet the spread like John Bailey did, look to the races involving the fellows with large ambitions. Governors Jerry Brown and Jim Thompson and Senator Howard Baker—these are designated presidential prospects and they'll be judged not so much on whether they win, but by how much.

For a Republican the important thing is to draw above the base—to demonstrate an ability to attract the Democrats and independents a minority party nominee needs to win a presidential election. In 1972, Baker won with 62 percent of the vote. For a time, word was that he had no serious reelection problems this year, a view evidently shared by Baker himself. Now we find the minority leader looking over his shoulder at the Democratic nominee, Nashville millionaire Jane Eskind, who thinks Baker is vulnerable and is prepared to back that belief with her own checkbook. Her most telling charge: Baker's presidential ambitions have outsized his britches. She's only 6-10 points behind in the polls, and one state newspaper has labeled Baker an endangered species. GOP moderates who look favorably on a 1980 Baker candidacy say he mustn't fall below 55 percent. Lay a price on Baker of 3-1 to whip Eskind but 1-2 against making the 55 percent threshhold.

Jerry Brown is a politician on a run of luck. To prove that, look at who the Republicans gave him to run against: Evelle Younger, a campaigner with all the verve of a department store floorwalker. For a man so long in public life, Younger has only the merest ration of political horsesense, which he proved by saying he would sign a bill legalizing marijuana. Weary of Brown, California Republicans were trying to nominate somebody who is *not* quirky. Local touts offer a federal reserve guarantee that Brown will win and say he could roll up a million-vote edge. To finish even close to the money, Younger needs $1 million for last-minute television. I give him little chance to gather such a sum. Make Brown 4-1 and going away, but if you're tempted to bet the margin here at a penny a vote, remember that you're getting into big stakes.

Illinois, governor. Jim Thompson (R) v. Michael Bakalis (D). Two years ago, Jim Thompson became a Republican star overnight by winning the governorship away from Mayor Daley's man Michael Howlett by 1.4 million votes, the largest margin in Illinois history. Now, Thompson is reminding newsmen that no governor of Illinois has ever been reelected by more than 200,000 votes. That is what Jerry Brown would call "lowering your expectations." Thompson will win big downstate, lose Chicago by the standard amount and hope that his hoked-up advisory tax initiative will draw voters out in the suburbs. He needs to win by half a million votes, they say, to remain in the front ranks of GOP presidential prospects. He's 3-1 to win, even money to make the margin.

Some other races: New York, governor. Governor Hugh Carey (D) v. Perry Duryea (R). David Garth is a man who found prosperity by persuading politicians in trouble to let him make their TV commercials. Garth claims he does his best work for underdogs, which Carey is, and indeed the record shows Garth has dug his heels into the skinny sides of some sure losers and kicked them home. Garth could do the same thing for Hugh Carey because there are still no newspapers in New York City, which helps a million-dollar television campaign, and because Carey's GOP opponent is Assembly Speaker Duryea, who is a stiff. Still, Duryea has hired John Deardourff, who is no slouch, to make his TV spots. And Duryea favors the death penalty which is also highly regarded by many New York ethnic Democrats who do not share their governor's moral objections to capital punishment. Still, Duryea is a stiff. Bet Garth at 5-4.

South Carolina, Senate. Strom Thurmond (R) v. Pug Ravenel (D): Jesse Jackson advised Republicans to go after the black vote, and from South Carolina you could hear Strom Thurmond whoop, "Right on, Brother!" Ol' Strom once thought blacks shouldn't be allowed anywhere near a polling place. Listen to him now, talking up all the things he's done for blacks! You know it's pure election-year snake oil, but he sells it so skillfully that he's got the Democratic base discombobulated, and Ravenel hasn't made up the difference among redneck Democrats. Thurmond's theory: all voters have short memories and blacks are no different than whites. For him, even that's a measure of progress. Bet Strom at 3-1 to win.

HI, DO YOU KNOW ME? SURE YOU DO.
BUT...YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY PEOPLE DON'T..
ESPECIALLY WHEN I TRAVEL ABROAD...
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS CARRY SWISS FRANCS AND YEN...
THE DOLLAR

drawing by Mike Peters

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Pennsylvania, governor. Pete Flaherty (D) v. Richard Thornburgh (R). In Pennsylvania the first yardstick you look at is how far behind the Republicans will be coming out of Philadelphia. This year, the distinguished mayor, Frank Rizzo, is trying to get the city charter changed to get himself a third term, which guarantees a big turnout. When this classy gentleman exhorted his supporters to "vote white" in the charter election, it was like somebody poured about a quarter of a million dollars in voter registration money into the black wards of Philadelphia. This year the Republicans will be coming out of Philadelphia very far behind indeed. If Thornburgh is your sentimental favorite, don't bet him to win at less than 1-3.

Texas, Senate. John Tower (R) v. Robert Krueger (D). Governor, John Hill (D) v. Bill Clements (R). In the Krueger-Tower race, there is something more at stake besides whether big oil wants to change messenger boys in Washington: Krueger wants to be president. Tower is ahead in the polls and has plenty of money, but Krueger has begun a late surge, and the man is surely motivated. These two hate each other, and it's down and dirty in the final days. In the governor's race the Democrat, Hill, is thought to be well ahead, and the GOP has not elected a governor in Texas in this century. But they've come very close recently, failing mainly for lack of money. Clements is a millionaire and he's thrown open the banks. If you can get the right odds, wager this as a quinella against conventional wisdom. Bet Tower to lose at 1-2 and Clements to win at 1-4. If it pays off, it'll cover all the rest of your losses.

Massachusetts, Senate. Ed Brooke (R) v. Paul Tsongas (D). If Ed Brooke was not done in by Mrs. Brooke, he will be by Teddy Kennedy, who is breaking his self-imposed rule against campaigning against congressional colleagues at home. Teddy, it is thought, expects that Massachusetts Democrats will find a way to show their gratitude for his efforts when the convention delegation is picked in early 1980. Brooke goes on the board to lose at 4-5.

West Virginia, Senate. Jennings Randolph (D) v. Arch Moore (R). Here is my hunch bet and the hunch concerns the matter of ethics. This is the year of Koreagate, the GSA scandals, congressmen in trouble over high living at go-go bars and nightclubs, over their divorces, their personal finances, kickbacks, bribes, payroll padding and suchlike. It's a season of indictments, convictions, censures and reprimands. There are instances where it will matter at the polls, but mostly it won't. Ed Brooke got by a tough primary. The voters in Dan Flood's district don't remember whether he's charged with conflict of interest or kickbacks, but either way, they're for Dan. In Detroit, Representative Charles Diggs is convicted on 29 counts of fiddling his own employees out of their paychecks. He may not be able to take his seat in the House, but he can't be beat. And out in Ohio, Wayne Hays is beginning his political comeback.

Which brings us back to West Virginia. Jennings Randolph has several chins and he's been around Washington since FDR's first term. But this year the electorate has grown disrespectful. His primary opponent kept calling Randolph "our senile senator," and there was a committee formed to "Dump the Tub of Lard." His opponent, Arch Moore, was elected governor twice, indicted on extortion and cleared. Randolph has David Garth making commercials for him, Teddy Kennedy and Jimmy Carter campaigning, and all the votes the Democratic organization can steal in counties like Mingo, McDowell and Lowell. But Moore is recently accused of having presided over the disappearance of $100,000 worth of liquor from a state-owned warehouse during his governorship. Carried away, it is said, in state trucks. Moore declines to comment on the charges, thereby dragging things out. Local bookmakers rate this race a toss-up. I disagree. Arch Moore is a canny politician. Right now, just as you read this, they're standing around the gas stations and the pool hall pop coolers, shakin' their heads and saying, "A hunnerd thousin' dollars of state booze? The hell you say! Damn, Ol' Arch!" On the matter of ethics, I make Arch Moore the favorite at 5-4.

TNR Key State Survey

Racial politics is dead, but fiscal tightness isn't.

Alabama

Anniston

On the political calendar of the region, it is now the Year Eight NS (New South). With the election of two new Democratic US Senators this year, Alabama has reached the Year One (NS), not in real time but as the larger universe out there to the north and east of the Coosa River measures things. The election of southern governors of the Class of 1970 brought to national attention the first products of post-racial politics. They were the ABC governors: Reubin Askew of Florida, Dale Bumpers of Arkansas and Jimmy Carter of Georgia.

How do Alabama's prospective new senators—Howell Heflin, 57, former chief justice of the state supreme court, and former state senator Donald

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Stewart, 38—fit the pattern? According to Dale Bumpers, now completing his first term in the Senate, "they are the same stripe, a new breed, and I think the trend is permanent." Bumpers is not so innocent as to believe that parochialism has disappeared from politics, South or North, but he means that the anti-civil rights Southern Caucus of yore is dead and will not rise again in Congress.

While Donald Stewart and Howell Heflin differ in age, background, temperament, style and self-perception, their shared liberality on basic civil rights issues is as great as or greater than that of any incumbent. *Time* magazine in 1976 focused on Heflin in a special edition on the New South and quoted a civil rights lawyer as saying, "I'd rather take my chances in the Supreme Court of Alabama than the Supreme Court of the United States." Fifteen years ago, when George Wallace stood in the doorway of Foster Auditorium to prevent the entry of the University of Alabama's first two black students, Donald Stewart was president of the Student Government Association. To symbolize student body acceptance, he moved into the same dormitory with one of those students, James Hood.

It is no longer useful, or even very interesting, to view southern politics through the cataract of race. But habits of mind are hard to break and evidence from the past accustoms Alabamians to skepticism. Civil rights liberals? From the state that gave the nation that long-running superstar of segregation, George Wallace, and the late Senator James B. ("Stonewall Jim") Allen, who impounded the flow of Senate legislation as if he had been a talking public works project?

The answer is . . . Yes. But it takes some explaining. Allen's popularity did not spring from the single source of ideology, although even the state's liberals gave him credit for the depth and sincerity of his constitutional conservatism. Voters liked him because of his practice of visiting all 67 counties annually and inviting any and all to break bread with him at, say, the Ramada Inn. Few people anywhere can say they've shared a meal with a US senator, but in Alabama many could and did say so, proudly.

George Wallace is better understood by focusing on the counties he carried in the primaries of 1964 which went for Bobby Kennedy in 1968. Clearly, racial views weren't the issue. Wallace, like Kennedy, was an early-warning system for Proposition 13. The Alabama governor was no more a symbol for the single, obliterating issue of race than Proposition 13 is all about taxes. Both are single standards behind which a whole galaxy of discontent is organized. Wallace was and Proposition 13 is the voice of the unorganized who don't have a lobbyist or an executive director to speak for them. They are the people from the movie, *Network*, yelling in San Diego and many other places, "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore."

For the Deep South, racism accounted for a gradually diminishing part of Wallace's appeal, as his anti-government symbolism fused with a more primal cluster of feelings. White southerners found it possible to bear the experiences of defeat and poverty, but chafed at the scorn heaped upon them by other—but not necessarily better—Americans. Wallace said the average southerner was just as "refined, educated and patriotic" as any other American. He was a symbol of bruised self-respect, a shrill but proud Rebel Yell tearing from the throats of ordinary southerners like the screams with which their ancient ancestors, the Celtic tribesmen, used to terrify the legions of Julius Caesar.

By 1965, although few knew it then, America was changing. The passage of the Voting Rights Act meant that the South was about to be freed from the retarding mythologies of the past. It was also the year that the match was struck in Watts which was to send fire storms through the black ghettos of the industrial cities. And the long march into Vietnam was beginning which would end in the realization that success does not bless every American venture.

America seemed somehow older and more homogeneous by the primaries of 1978. Yankees had lost the innocent illusion that they were exempt from the burdens of history and immune to viral prejudice, previously thought to flourish only in the warmer climes. Southerners looked at their immediate past as an ugly period they didn't want repeated and found in Jimmy Carter a more respectable symbol of self-respect. George Wallace was used up and ready to be discarded. In the early polls, when Wallace was still in the US Senate race, he had only 21 percent support. Those same polls showed that Alabamians weren't much different from the voters of Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, or other southern states, such as Florida. Voters didn't feel very good about the country and the way things were going in their lives. They wanted new faces and "new solutions for new times," as Pug Ravenel is putting it in his campaign to unseat that Confederate memorial, Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina.

It was the year of the insurgents everywhere and no less so here. Heflin ran a campaign which dismayed

Coming next week:

Carter, inflation, the stock market and the dollar—what's wrong?

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many of his friends but which was successful in painting five-term Congressman Walter Flowers as a weak, do-nothing incumbent. His theme was, "Alabama has had more Washington thinking than it can afford. Now it's time for some Alabama thinking in Washington."

Stewart's campaign was more admirable, but it had to be. He was running against Jim Allen's ghost in the person of his appointed successor and widow, Maryon Allen. She managed to portray herself as a feisty widow-lady but no US senator. Stewart came on as young, tough and hard-working, "a fighter and a winner," as his ads described him.

Heflin is unopposed in the general election. Stewart faces opposition from James D. Martin, a Republican who served one term in Congress in the aftermath of Barry Goldwater's 1964 southern sweep. Martin decided to run for governor and was present for only 31 percent of the roll calls during his tenure, a record almost certain to seal Stewart's victory.

Just as Heflin and Stewart come to office on the national tide of insurgency, they reflect the national mood of fiscal caution—stronger in California than in Alabama. They take different approaches but the tune is the same. Heflin promises to work hard for a constitutional amendment which would hold expenditures to the amount of taxes taken in. Reflecting his judicial training, he wants the policy glued into the constitution where excitable legislators will find it harder to reach. Stewart, with a legislator's instinct for laws that can be erased if a mistake has been made, prefers an act freezing expenditures at current levels until the budget is balanced.

Because of their lack of exposure to defense and foreign policy concerns, it is difficult to predict how Heflin and Stewart will vote on such issues, but over the long term their background and previous experience will be a guide to their domestic interests in the Senate. Heflin won national acclaim for his leadership in reforming the judicial system of Alabama and can be expected to concentrate on similar areas as a potential member of the judiciary committee. Heflin is an easy-going man of philosophical temperament who doesn't take himself too seriously. He is descended from a distinguished family of professionals, including an uncle, "Cotton Tom" Heflin, who served in the US Senate from 1920 to 1932.

Howell and "Cotton Tom" are different men. Howell's uncle developed a vagrant prejudice against Catholics, bolted the party when Al Smith was nominated, and was defeated four years later. Howell Heflin could be counted on to lead a censure effort against a demagogic colleague—as "Judge" Sam Ervin did against Joe McCarthy.

Donald Stewart comes from a hard-working, middle-class family. His father was owner and operator of a cotton gin in Anniston in the declining years of cotton as a cash crop. In the state legislature he specialized in consumer issues, energy and interest rates. He is intense, serious about himself and his work, politically tough and assiduous in doing his homework. Because Stewart is filling the unexpired term of the late Senator Allen, he must run again in two years for a full term. Nailing down the seat will take as much time as developing a career-track in the Senate but, at 38, he has plenty of time in a region which still doesn't discard its senators lightly.

While Stewart and Heflin are keenly aware of who elected them, they don't like to think of themselves in merely sectional terms. Stewart puts it this way: "I think that men of goodwill, who really want to represent the country, should recognize that it is just as critical to deal with the financial problems of New York as it is to have a rural-development program in Alabama." Yet Stewart is likely to find himself reluctantly drawn into city boy vs. country boy fights not unlike those which afflict the Alabama state legislature. Senator Bumpers has already had informal conversations about a new, policy-oriented Southern Caucus to defend the region from what southern senators see as Frost Belt raids on the treasury. "I think we're going to have to," says Bumpers, "but it doesn't appeal to me very much." His reluctance to fight for narrow, sectional interests is real, however, and may mean—101 years after the end of Reconstruction—that the States are finally more united than they have ever been.

H. Brandt Ayers

H. Brandt Ayers is editor and publisher of *The Anniston Star*.

Brown's well ahead; Proposition fever's high.

California

Los Angeles

Once again California will receive a disproportionate share of attention in the reporting of this year's mid-term elections. Between the state's ever-popular ballot initiatives and the continuing saga of its errant man-child governor the great Golden State is sure to make the headlines on November 8th.

After a shaky start on the unpopular side of Proposition 13, Jerry Brown seems to have sprung back nicely in popular esteem. Late October polls show him

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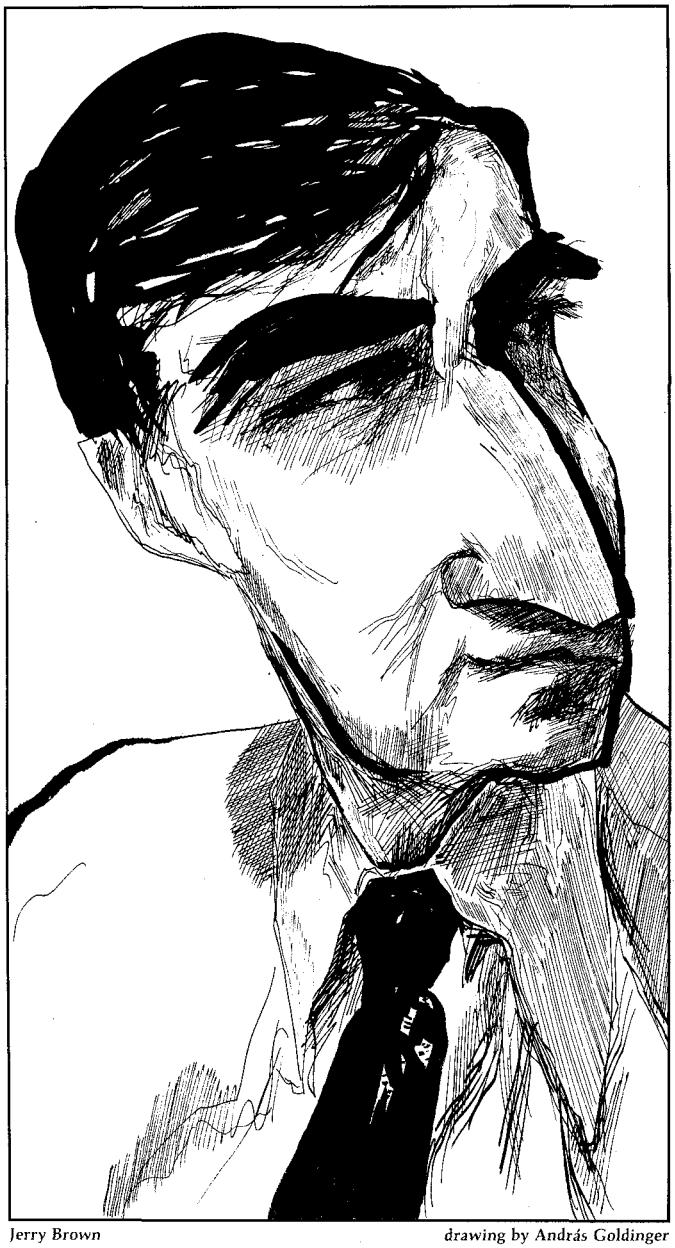
comfortably ahead of his Republican opponent, State Attorney General Evelle Younger. However, Brown has lost a substantial amount of his once rocketing popularity; but Younger has failed to offer a viable



Jerry Brown drawing by András Goldinger

alternative, and the latest polls show Brown 14 points ahead. Although Younger supported the Jarvis initiative, Brown stole the issue away from Republicans after the June primary. The audacity of Brown's flipflop clearly caught his Republican opponent off guard. Younger spent most of June in Hawaii recovering from the primary, while Brown was in Sacramento making earnest pronouncements about how the will of the people is sacred.

Brown's impending victory no doubt will thrust him into the center ring of the 1980 presidential circus. While refusing to commit himself, Brown has not denied the possibility he might make a run for the White House. Former governor Ronald Reagan's old kitchen cabinet of right-wing Republican advisers has gone so far as to back the candidacy of a record company executive, Mike Curb, for lieutenant governor (elected independently from the governor of California) in the hope of easing itself back into power in Sacramento should Brown decide to resign before his term expires. Alas, Curb has proved more difficult to sell than anyone expected. He's rated no better than even against incumbent Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally despite published reports that the latter may be facing indictment for various rumored wrong-doings. (Brown has barely acknowledged Dymally's existence since the campaign commenced.)

Aside from Brown, the most widely discussed item on California's November ballot is Proposition 6—the anti-homosexual teachers initiative. A direct challenge to 20 years of civil libertarian progress, the initiative requires the firing of any teacher who so much as discusses the subject of homosexuality with his or her students. Coming on the heels of Proposition 13, many fear this initiative could be part of a wave of citizen extremism that sweeps first California and then the rest of the country.

Indeed, the history of California's initiative process gives little comfort to those who travel the middle road. From the Coastal Commission Act of 1972 to Proposition 13 last June, the most popular initiatives placed on California's referendum ballot repeatedly have staked out far left or far right positions. This November's ballot is no different. In addition to the anti-homosexual Briggs amendment, Californians will be asked to extend the death penalty to murders that involve the use of dynamite or torture (Proposition 7) and to outlaw the smoking of cigarette in all enclosed offices (Proposition 5).

There are several ways to interpret California's fondness for intemperate resolutions. One explanation, favored by eastern journalists, suggests the process is a harbinger for some kind of media-based para-facism that is threatening to engulf the rest of the nation. Actually, the process is quite simple. The only people willing to spend the time and money necessary to put a proposition on the ballot are zealots. The rest of the state is out on the weekend enjoying itself. Naturally, in drafting such proposed laws, zealous souls such as Howard Jarvis or the non-smokers' rights group GASP, are inclined toward strong language and simple formulas, the better to communicate an idea to millions of diversified voters.

Whether or not the initiative passes once it is placed on the ballot depends more on how strongly people feel about the issue than the wisdom of the solution proposed. Usually these initiatives are preceeded by a period of lobbying the state legislature for a law. In the case of Proposition 13, homeowner groups were delivering hundreds of thousands of signed protest petitions to Sacramento two full years before the Jarvis amendment went on the June ballot. But because of conflicting interests among legislators, no bill to temper huge tax increases ($2000 in one year, in some

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cases) was passed. Most now agree the voters' ire could have been assuaged at a far less drastic price than the total restructuring of state government had the legislature acted.

An analogous situation arises with the anti-smoking proposition. GASP first tried to get a law through the legislature whose impact was primarily restricted to regulating smoking in restaurants. The bill was killed with the connivance of the tobacco lobby and restaurant owners. The initiative up for approval this fall regulates smoking practically everywhere outside a person's home. And so it goes.

The Briggs initiative fortunately does not follow this pattern. John Briggs, a state senator, introduced a bill of his own, incorporating most of his initiative's legal language. Support for the initiative has never been particularly visible, except in early polls taken by Field and others, and this has dwindled under steady pounding from gay groups, liberals, most public officials and even Ronald Reagan. Briggs lost his campaign consulting firm to Howard Jarvis and has only raised a fraction of what he planned to spend. By late October he had yet to buy any TV time in California's major media markets. Currently, prospects for defeating the amendment are considered good to excellent.

But the spectre of a future rabble-rouser like Briggs grabbing hold of an inflammatory issue and igniting public opinion remains. Briggs is on the record as having future plans for the abortion issue. Nobody seems quite sure what to do about the potentially incendiary nature of the initiative process and about its spreading popularity in the nation as a whole.

Phil Tracy

Phil Tracy is a contributing editor with *New West* magazine.

Thompson running—for what? Percy trailing Alex-who?

Illinois

Chicago

At the close of the final televised debate in the Illinois gubernatorial campaign, Governor James R. Thompson gestured toward his opponent, Michael J. Bakalis, gazed into the camera and said: "It all comes down to one question—who do you trust to govern Illinois for the next two years?" Oops. Reporters smiled at each other. The Republican governor had made a Freudian slip. Bakalis, the Democratic underdog, capitalized on it with a needle: "You really only want a two-year term?"

Later, Thompson dismissed the slip as an easily explainable mistake. He noted that he is completing a two-year term, shortened from the usual four years to realign terms of all statewide offices. Thompson's answer was not entirely satisfactory, however. Until recently, he had been gabby about his ambition. After being sworn into office in 1976, Thompson prattled during several Washington trips that he has wanted to be president since he was 11 years old. One reason he has ducked the subject recently is that if he wins reelection and departs in mid-term, he would leave in charge Lieutenant Governor Dave O'Neal, a mercurial former downstate sheriff who enjoyed going on vice raids hand-in-hand with his gun-toting wife. O'Neal has been kept from view.

Running comfortably ahead in all newspaper and television polls, Thompson seems headed for reelection. But he is not likely to win by 1.4 million votes as he did in 1975 against an easy target, Democrat Michael J. Howlett. Thompson entered elective politics after successfully prosecuting a host of political associates of the late Mayor Richard J. Daley when he was US Attorney. Howlett is a jolly, jowly Irishman whom downstaters saw as a Chicago machine politician.

Bakalis, 40, the state controller, is none of these things. He entered politics eight years ago from a career as a college teacher. He won two big upsets, the first for the now-defunct office of state superintendent of public instruction. A spartan figure, Bakalis often drives himself to campaign appearances, has said he will get rid of Thompson's twin checker limousines and may not move into the executive mansion in Springfield. Referring to his background, Bakalis tells voters that he wants to educate them about the issues. His bland television commercials, showing him talking at a desk, reflect that approach. Bakalis disdains the clever media hype that Thompson and his consultant, Douglas Bailey of Bailey, Deardourff & Associates, cook up.

Apparent low interest in the election has frustrated Bakalis. While 100,000 Chicagoans watched the next-to-last gubernatorial debate, another three million tuned in "Three is Company." Nevertheless, Bakalis has made a far better campaigner than Howlett did. After passage of California's Proposition 13, Bakalis seized on a bill for state rebates of local property taxes. The bill passed the Democratic-controlled General Assembly, and Bakalis milked it well until Thompson vetoed the bill as too costly. Belatedly, at the end of the summer, Thompson came up with his response—an advisory referendum for the fall election asking voters whether they favor ceilings on taxes and spending. Since the referendum the governor calls "The Thompson Proposition" has no force of law, Bakalis dubbed it

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"Proposition Zero." There were revelations that Thompson's petitions to put the referendum on the ballot contained forgeries, but the publicity appeared to smudge only his national reputation. Bakalis then countered with a pledge to reduce the local property tax burden by 20 percent in four years or not run for reelection. But Bakalis concedes his campaign is not getting much mail on the highly-touted tax issue.

Thompson, 42, has been drowning out Bakalis' press conferences with coverage of his new child, Samantha Jane, and her photogenic antics. When Samantha Jane was seven weeks old, Thompson took her on a whistlestop train tour. Sometime later the baby was hospitalized with a fever, and picture stories documented Thompson's concern and her triumphal return home. (Thompson got married during the first campaign and his wife had the baby in the second.)

In a brief litany at each appearance, Thompson boasts that he succeeded in keeping that state budget down after the last governor, Democrat Daniel Walker, left the books in the red, that he has not raised taxes, and that he got some tough crime legislation passed. Thompson refers to Illinois as "the state that works." Bakalis counters by pointing to a lack of new initiatives, questioning Thompson's ability to lead.

The greatest difficulty Thompson is likely to face will come after the election if he decides to compete for the White House. While Thompson is one of the best campaigners this state has seen, he has been poor in relating to the state GOP. Former governor Richard B. Ogilvie, who managed former president Ford's successful Illinois campaign, has been feuding with Thompson. Cook County GOP committeemen and downstate chairmen fume because Thompson has not replaced Democrat appointees. Also, there are at least four other possible presidential contenders in Illinois, including Congressman Philip M. Crane, who has formally announced, and Congressman John B. Anderson, who practically has.

Thompson, however, has shown political deftness in striking deals with Chicago Mayor Michael Bilandic and the Democratic machine and in making fast friends in unusual circles for an Illinois Republican—including the top local labor leaders and John Cardinal Cody of the Roman Catholic Church. Reporters are skeptical about the bumper sticker Thompson has sported: "I'd rather be playing racquetball."

The gubernatorial battle was the only show in Illinois until the first stories of the *Sun-Times* straw poll appeared. While they showed Thompson with a good lead, they showed Senator Charles H. Percy in unexpected trouble. First sketchy results of the uncannily accurate poll showed Percy's Democratic opponent, Alex R. Seith, with a narrow lead. The next day, as Seith, 44, was touring Chicago area campuses, a woman said to him, "I never heard of you before today."

Suddenly television crews and reporters began swarming around Seith, who had been seen as a hopeless longshot in earlier media telephone polls. Seith, a lawyer from a Chicago suburb, had been dismissed earlier by reporters as an oafish campaigner who couldn't tell a joke but couldn't stop trying. Seith has been pushing two confusing programs. The first, an alternative to revenue sharing he calls "revenue keeping," would keep 10 percent of income tax money in the states, but Seith is fuzzy about how it would be distributed. The second would adjust take-home pay to account for inflation, but when pressed, Seith says he would "leave the mathematics up to the IRS." Seith's strongest qualifications are in foreign affairs. He is a former president of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and was a foreign policy advisor in President Carter's campaigm.

Neither Seith's economic programs, his "door-to-door" campaign downstate, nor an appeal to conservatives which won him the endorsement of M. Stanton Evans seems to be the prime reason for his success. One key is $600,000 of his family's money which he put into the campaign, permitting a radio and TV campaign twice the size of Percy's. Seith's commercials are tough, especially those by Tony Schwartz, who was involved in producing the controversial 1964 little girl commercial that questioned whether Senator Barry Goldwater could be trusted with the atomic bomb. One radio commercial aimed at blacks recalls Earl Butz's "racist and sexually obscene jokes about blacks," and quotes Percy in another context saying, "I wish he were secretary of agriculture still today."

Now 59 years old in his second term, Percy looks old by contrast to his once boyish looks. He also seems to be a victim of incumbency. He reports getting angry mail attacking his support of the ERA extension, the Panama Canal treaty, and his promise to vote eventually for cloture on labor reform legislation. Low-key television commercials stressing his role in helping pass civil service reforms are not as catchy as Seith's. Off in Washington until the final three weeks, Percy returned to a dawn-to-dusk campaign schedule to make up lost ground.

Basil Talbott

Basil Talbott is political editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times.*

Coming:
Stephen Chapman on John Connally's march toward power.

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Prop. 13ism for Governor
and the question of Brooke's ethics.

Massachusetts

Boston

For six years, Massachusetts liberals have basked in the moral superiority of being from the one state to vote for George McGovern in 1972. Now, it would be tempting for them to view the dumping of Governor Michael Dukakis as a punishment for his having been less liberal than his promise of 1974. After all, liberals might argue, even though conservatives scored higher than in any primary in recent history, liberal candidates prevailed in the races for governor and United States Senate. For example, the five-way Democratic Senate primary was won by Congressman Paul Tsongas; and right-winger Howard Phillips, director of the Conservative Caucus and former Nixon anti-poverty hatchet man, got just eight percent of the vote.

It would be tempting to think that once again Massachusetts had resisted the national conservative tide, but it would be wrong. Indeed, it is as misleading to interpret this year's returns ideologically as it was to view Massachusetts' support of McGovern as the triumph of Bay State liberalism. There is little ideological consistency in Massachusetts voting, and, as in the past, most races are won or lost because of personalities or other non-ideological factors.

Contrary to popular belief, Massachusetts voters are not much more likely to identify themselves as liberals than are voters in the rest of the country. Where Massachusetts voters differ is in their reluctance to call themselves conservative. While a plurality of voters nationally call themselves conservative, a plurality of Massachusetts voters call themselves "moderate" or "middle-of-the-road." Ideology is more likely to be reflected in voting on issues than on candidates. The 1976 election is instructive. While giving decisive victories to both Jimmy Carter and Ted Kennedy, Massachusetts voters rejected the so-called liberal position on virtually every statewide referendum. They said no to a graduated income tax, public power, flat-rate electricity, and bans on non-returnable bottles and handguns.

In looking at 1978, it should be remembered that McGovern won in 1972 largely because Massachusetts is the second most Democratic state in the nation (outnumbering registered Republicans two to one). Unlike other places, in Massachusetts Democratic regulars held their noses and worked with New Politics irregulars to support the ticket. Even so, McGovern's 55 percent was eight points less than Hubert Humphrey received in 1968.

Just as Massachusetts was not impervious to Richard Nixon in '72, so too is it vulnerable to Proposition 13 fever. Inflation and taxes dwarf all other issues in the minds of voters. Small wonder, since property taxes in "Taxachusetts" and the cost of living in metropolitan Boston are the highest on the mainland. Recent polls indicate voters here favor some sort of Proposition 13 even if it means cuts in services. This year's ballot includes a Constitutional amendment to permit residential property to be taxed at a lower rate than business property and a non-binding referendum on limiting state spending. The 1980 ballot may have as many as five tax—or spending—limitation referenda, including Proposition 2½, a modification of the California plan which would cut property taxes to 2.5 percent of real cash value and then permit cities and towns to modify that rate by local referenda.

Former Massport director Edward J. King won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination not simply because Dukakis ran a poor campaign and had alienated just about every group which traditionally votes in primaries. He won because he tapped middle-class voter anger, not just against taxes but against the programs on which their tax dollars have been spent—busing, abortion, welfare and "coddling" of criminals. King voters seemed fed up with paying to help the disadvantaged when they did not feel particularly advantaged. The successful strategy, as one King aide put it, was to "create a hate campaign." King's appeal went beyond working-class neighborhoods; he also got big bucks from business boardrooms for his laissez-faire anti-environmental, anti-consumer, pro-growth and pro-nuclear positions.

The only obstacle between former Baltimore Colts lineman King and the governor's office is a colorless Yankee patrician, Frank Hatch. The well-meaning House minority leader is a fiscal conservative who espouses many liberal social positions. The odds are against Hatch. Republican registration has dropped to 14.4 percent; Democrats are 36.1 percent; Independents, 39.4 percent. But the Democrats are not tightly organized, and Massachusetts has a history of ticket-splitting. For Hatch to win, he needs to make Zinging the King as popular a cause among Democrats and Independents as Dumping the Duke was in the primary. Democratic National Committeeman Jerome Grossman announced he'd vote for Hatch, and ADA, CPPAX, many blacks and liberals also have endorsed the Republican. Dukakis, already considering a 1982 rematch, has yet to endorse King. In contrast, House Speaker Tip O'Neill has urged party unity, in no small part because his son Tom, the incumbent lieutenant governor, will be out of a job if King loses. Lameduck Secretary of State Paul Guzzi, the liberals' original choice to challenge Dukakis, and retiring Representative Michael Harrington also have endorsed King. Said Harrington, "We liberals have expected for years that disparate parts of the party should support our candidates and our causes. Now it's our turn to reciprocate."

The party loyalty which holds some liberal

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Democrats for King binds many conservative Democrats to Tsongas in his race to unseat Senator Edward Brooke. In 1966 and 1972, Brooke won with strong support from Democrats and Independents, but his opponents were unappealing lightweights. Tsongas is not. An intelligent and witty candidate, Tsongas won the Democratic nomination because of his creditable Washington experience. He is running at least even with Brooke in the polls. Their positions on domestic issues are largely the same, though they differ in emphasis. Tsongas seeks to be the cutting edge on energy and urban revitalization and Brooke stresses his leadership in housing, elderly programs, women's and minority issues. In foreign policy, Brooke tends to be a traditional liberal, while Tsongas, a former Peace Corps volunteer in Ethiopia, has more of a third world perspective. Both have been strongly supportive of Carter. Both have been endorsed by ADA, while Tsongas won the approval of CPPAX. Because of his past service, Brooke is backed by organized labor, feminists (including Gloria Steinem), and a Democrats-for-Brooke Committee co-chaired by liberal legislator Barney Frank.

While Brooke is campaigning on the importance of his seniority on the Appropriations Committee, what may matter more is his significance as the nation's only black senator. While Tsongas says he hopes the country has moved beyond that kind of "paternalism," black leaders across the country are mobilizing to save Brooke. In the primary, many blacks reregistered so they could vote in the Republican primary, and they turned out in record numbers. Although the black vote in Massachusetts is small, its significance cannot be lost on Jimmy Carter and Ted Kennedy. Massachusetts blacks are outraged that both Carter and Kennedy will be active in support of Tsongas, and some threaten a backlash against either in 1980 if he is perceived to have played a decisive role in knocking off Brooke.

Brooke's fate has a bearing on 1980 for the Republicans as well. Before his much-publicized domestic and legal troubles, he had seriously considered running for a spot on the national ticket. His continued prominence in the party gives some credibility to GOP appeals to minority groups. But if Brooke has to go down, it's better for Republicans that he be done in by a Democrat than by one of their own.

If Tsongas has the edge, it may be because the sometimes vague positive reasons people have to vote for him are reinforced by doubts of former Brooke supporters concerning the senator's admitted "misstatements" about his financial affairs and the failure of the Senate Ethics Committee to conclude its investigation in Brooke's favor before the election. If the ethics issue is decisive in the Brooke-Tsongas race, it will be an unusual event. The public seems cynical enough, but clearcut ethical improprieties of some officials (with the exception of one state senator running from jail) have been insufficiently disconcerting to warrant rejection at the polls. Michael Dukakis's reputation for self-righteous integrity went unrewarded by an ungrateful electorate.

If Brooke does lose, it will be neither because Massachusetts, in its liberalism, has rewarded the more left-leaning of the two candidates nor because the Bay State, in its move to the right, has become so conservative as to defeat the nation's only black senator.

James Barron and Marjorie Arons

James Barron and *Marjorie Arons* write on national politics for the *Boston Phoenix*.

George Romney's boys are slowing down.

Michigan

Washington, DC

Back in the early Kennedy-Johnson years, when Democrats had it together and right-wingers were stirring toward their ill-fated 1964 Goldwater coup in the Republican party, George Romney, a newcomer to politics and an amateur, was building in Michigan one of the nation's most powerful moderate Republican parties. It was not that Romney was so politically astute, but he and his young advisors, including political scientist Walter De Vries, discovered the growing number of independents, ticket-splitters, blacks, workers and urban dwellers whom the Republican Party had ignored.

Romney led the campaign among such voters for a modern, new state constitution. And since 1963, when Romney became governor and ended 15 years of Democratic control in state government, he or his political heirs have been the dominant force in Michigan politics despite overwhelming Democratic strength and the power of unionism.

Now the Michigan Republican Party, suffering from years of slow, nibbling erosion, appears to be making its last stand. And if moderate Republicanism is in trouble in Michigan, there is little chance it can survive elsewhere to influence the course of the GOP in 1980 and the years immediately beyond.

To put the problem briefly, Governor William G. Milliken, 56, who was Romney's lieutenant governor, is hanging on to a slim lead in his attempt to win an unprecedented third four-year term. And his sidekick and old western Michigan neighbor, Senator Robert P.

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Griffin, who was put into office by Romney, looks at the moment like a loser in his race for a third term.

The resourcefulness of the Milliken-Griffin partnership, their unusual run of luck and the ability of Michigan Republicans to come through just one more time should not be underestimated. But polls for the *Detroit Free Press* by Louis Harris and for the *Detroit News* by Market Opinion Research show Milliken, who seemed unbeatable a few months ago, in a very tough battle against Democrat William Fitzgerald, 36, a leader of the state Senate.

Nice-guy Milliken, although ahead in the polls by seven to 10 points, is slowly losing ground in the face of the tough-guy tactics employed by Fitzgerald, a free-swinging Irish Catholic. Milliken has never before had to defend his soft, friendly image, but now Fitzgerald has turned that against the incumbent, blasting Milliken for indecision in handling the PCB menace, which has badly frightened the state. And even as new reports come in indicating the widespread danger from PCB contamination, some polling is putting Fitzgerald ahead among likely voters.

In both polls, Griffin, 55, is lagging five to seven points behind Carl Levin, 44, Detroit's city council president, a stronger and more attractive statewide candidate than his brother, Sander, who twice lost to Milliken. In a way, indecision is also a theme of Levin's campaign. And indecision is a reason for the Michigan Republican Party's problems. Griffin announced he was quitting the Senate in 1977 out of disappointment at having lost the Senate Republican leadership to Howard Baker. Griffin then began planning for a quiet and lucrative private law practice in Traverse City, and stayed away from the Senate much of the time.

This February, Griffin changed his mind. And Milliken, who had come close to announcing his retirement from politics, said he too would run for another term. What had happened was simple. Michigan Republican leaders decided that without Milliken and Griffin, they would lose—not only to the Democrats but also to a growing right wing composed of ancient mossbacks, former supporters of George Wallace and those who now favor Ronald Reagan. At the party's last state convention, only a last-minute plea from Milliken and Griffin saved Republican State Chairman, William McLaughlin, a leader in shaping Michigan's moderate Republicanism, who was challenged by a right-wing candidate.

Thus the state's business establishment and the traditional party leadership, fearful of Democratic control of the governorship, prevailed on Milliken and Griffin to run again, because there was no one else they could be sure of. Now, in his commercials, Levin stresses that anyone who works for a living would be fired if he missed as much time on the job as Griffin did in the Senate. And the Louis Harris survey showed that Griffin, after 22 years in the House and Senate, has a negative rating among 49 percent of the state's voters.

In addition to Griffin's absenteeism, his change of mind alienated many Republicans, especially those in the state's upper peninsula who were ready to support Congressman Phil Ruppe, an attractive moderate who was going to run for the seat. And independents, upon whom Griffin had counted, are now attracted to Levin.

Griffin, who is more conservative than Milliken, has counted on sheer luck in the past. He was appointed by Romney upon the death of Democratic Senator Patrick McNamara. In that year's election, Griffin easily beat a Democratic has-been, G. Mennen Williams, by riding Romney's coattails. And in 1972, Griffin had unearned help from the busing issue and the weaknesses of his opponent and of the Democratic presidential candidate, George McGovern.

"This time," said an observer, "Griffin doesn't have busing, the Democrats have a strong candidate and in this state, unless there is some overwhelming reason for the Republicans to vote—which there isn't—the Democrats will win." A high-ranking Michigan Republican added: "What's happening in Michigan now is very similar to what happened to the Democrats in the state in 1962. Just as the Soapy Williams generation ran out of blood, the Romney Republicans have grown old. Even if Milliken or Griffin should win this year, time is running out on the Michigan Republican Party."

Other political observers in Michigan suggest that the GOP problem there is more than cyclical. In 1966, when he was considering a presidential race, Romney put together the "Romney Action Team," an attractive collection of candidates recruited or helped by Romney to appeal to the independents and ticket-splitting Democrats whose votes he sought. The team included Ruppe, Marvin Esch, Don Riegle, Milliken and Griffin. He campaigned with them, helped them with polling and fund raising and, as a result, when Romney won as governor that year, he helped lead the Republican landslide throughout the country, bringing in s m new congressmen and Griffin.

Nice-guy Milliken, who has declined to take on the right wing and who was too nice to criticize Nixon much during Vietnam and Watergate, "did nothing to build on what Romney started," said an old Republican campaigner. In 1966, Republicans won 12 of the 19 Michigan House seats; now they have only eight. Riegle, of course, left the party and is now in the Senate. Esch, who might have defeated Riegle if he had had more Milliken help, is now a lobbyist. Ruppe, who decided not to run again, is bitter. And the last Romney Action Team House seat—held by Republican Garry Brown—is now in danger from Democrat Howard Wolpe.

Saul Friedman

Saul Friedman is a Washington correspondent with Knight-Ridder Newspapers.

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Short falling,
Anderson wending back.

Minnesota

Washington, DC

Minnesota politics in the post-Humphrey era has been threatening to run amok, or at least the liberals think so. Why it's happening is unclear, but the roots almost certainly go back to 1976, when then-Governor Wendell Anderson appointed himself US senator to succeed Walter Mondale, then the vice president-elect. Anderson has been made to suffer for his ambitions, having been whipsawed unmercifully in the polls. A more recent victim of the electorate's distemper has been liberal Congressman Donald Fraser, a candidate for the late Hubert Humphrey's Senate seat who was defeated in last month's Democratic Farmer Labor Party primary by an accumulation of single-issue grievances. And now even Bob Short, the man who successfully exploited Fraser's vulnerabilities, is feeling the wrath of a disaffected constituency.

What all this seems to show is that Minnesota voters are in a foul mood, as the state searches for a new leader in the wake of Humphrey's death and Mondale's elevation. But then, even Humphrey could not have indefinitely capped the angry spirits in the DFL's bottle. The self-appointment, for example, almost certainly would have plagued Anderson—despite his respectably progressive record as governor and his fine Scandinavian name—even if Humphrey had not died last January.

However, two post-primary samplings by the *Minneapolis Tribune*'s respected Minnesota Poll now indicate that the generalized discontent is receding and that Short—the original beneficiary of popular unhappiness—now ironically has become a lightning rod. In August, Anderson trailed his opponent, an amiable plywood salesman with the most un-Minnesotan name of Rudy Boschwitz, by an astonishing 23 percentage points. Two months later, Anderson—in a surge almost as amazing as his tumble—had picked up 20 points, with almost all of the gain coming from DFLers and labor union households. The same surveys show Short stuck at 46 percent of the likely vote. Meanwhile, his opponent, a likeable, articulate and somewhat evasive Republican named David Durenberger, has climbed from 35 percent in the *Tribune*'s first post-primary poll to a dead heat with Short in the second.

A plausible explanation for these developments would suggest that the Short-Fraser primary was a catharsis and that the normal DFL vote is now seeking a candidate in the Humphrey/Mondale tradition and finding him in Wendy Anderson, the one certifiable moderate-liberal left in the race. "I guess Short has replaced us as the ugly guy," remarked one Anderson aide. Prior to Humphrey's death, Anderson fell out of favor with the party's liberal wing when it appeared as though Fraser might challenge Anderson for the right to retain Mondale's old seat.

Meanwhile, submerged by all this turmoil and confusion is yet another statewide race—one that in normal circumstances would have commanded considerably more attention than it has received. The race involves Governor Rudy Perpich's attempt to legitimatize his claim on the office he inherited as a result of the post-Mondale shuffle two years ago. As the first Catholic and northern Minnesotan to occupy the governor's office, Perpich should be a most controversial candidate—particularly in view of his unorthodox political style. Now, however, he seems to be the least controversial of the major DFLers as he continues to hold a nine-point lead over veteran Republican Congressman Albert Quie, whom even partisan DFLers describe as a classy guy.

The most antsy participant not actually on the Minnesota election ballot is Mondale himself. As one who is enjoying a growing reputation among party professionals as a possible competitor with Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts for a future Democratic presidential nomination, Mondale clearly feels he has a vested interest in the DFL's well-being. By visiting and revisiting the state continuously through the autumn, Mondale has mortgaged at least part of his standing to avoid a devastating DFL wipeout. A consummate politician with a keen sense of caution, Mondale arguably could have taken a loftier approach toward the DFL's tribulations by spending more time campaigning for embattled Democrats elsewhere and less in his home state.

That he chose to embroil himself in the Minnesota campaign is a measure both of his emotional commitment to a party he served since the age of 19 and his desire to preserve a solid political base. But despite his normally deft touch—which has enabled him to prosper in the DFL's rough and tumble—Mondale left some hard feelings in his wake. He almost singlehandedly swung the Minnesota AFL-CIO's endorsement to Short, whose bruising primary campaign tactics sowed considerable ill-will in narrowly disposing of Fraser, one of Mondale's oldest allies. Needing a two-thirds majority of at least 433 votes, Short received 474 out of 650 votes after Mondale urged the labor delegates at their state convention in early October to "send Bob Short to Washington with Wendy." One delegate, a member of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, addressed the convention in a rage over Short's all-out attacks on Fraser's intelligence, liberalism, and pro-environment stands. "Some of my brothers and sisters must have cast-iron stomachs if they can swallow Short after the dirty, low-level irresponsible primary campaign he just conducted," shouted the delegate.

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Aside from Mondale's own political standing, the election will inevitably have an impact on the future health and well-being of the DFL, perhaps the nation's most liberal state party. The centerpiece of party politics in Minnesota is the endorsement system, whereby a statewide convention picks a candidate who then is virtually assured by party custom of a free ride through the primary. A general election victory by Short, who has gone against the DFL's grain on other occasions, would surely damage that system. For one thing, it would show that the party could successfully be ignored by a candidate skillful enough to exploit single-issue politics, irrespective of the party platform. Another result would be to encourage the designs of those who can spend $1 million or so out of their own pocket, as Short did, to win a primary.

That may prove to have been a pyrrhic victory. Illustrating Short's current problems ever more graphically than the polls were the thunderous boos and catcalls that filled the Minneapolis Auditorium at a DFL rally October 21st, when Jimmy Carter sought to confer his political blessing on Short. Mondale and Short aides attempted to pass off the demonstration as the handiwork of about 500 diehard Fraser supporters. More neutral but equally experienced DFLers said they could identify many more traditional DFLers who were adding their voices to the turmoil but who were clearly not a part of an orchestrated anti-Short effort.

About that time, the first editions of the *Tribune*, containing the most recent poll, were being circulated in the hall. "This may not be the best of times for us," said one Anderson worker. "But then it may not be the worst of times either."

Finlay Lewis

Finlay Lewis is Washington bureau chief of the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

Evers, leaning Right, helps the GOP.

Mississippi

Greenville

A week before the 1976 presidential election, all of Mississippi's Democratic congressional delegation endorsed Jimmy Carter as a "fellow southerner." Coming from elected representatives of a nominally Democratic state which had not backed a Democratic presidential nominee in two decades—and which gave Richard Nixon 80 percent of its votes in 1972—that endorsement was taken as a wondrous sign that the Great Mississippi Schism had been healed. The state's Democrats had already more or less patched the split between the party's biracial "loyalist" faction and the conservative white "regulars," so it suddenly looked as though all a good Mississippi Republican could do was cross his fingers and hope it would rain like hell on election day.

What it rained was votes—a state record of more than 68,000. True, Carter beat Gerald Ford by less than 14,000 ballots in a state once so solidly Democratic that the only time you had to deal with a home-grown Republican was when he sold you a stamp. But those 14,000 votes were all the symbol that Governor Cliff Finch needed to proclaim that "Mississippi and Mississippi Democrats are united."

Post-election punditry in the state tended to focus on the New Southern novelty of all those black votes—well over 150,000 of them—going to a white southerner. But what won Carter the state's seven electoral votes was roughly the same coalition of blacks and rural and small town whites which had already given Governor Finch his suprisingly narrow victory over a Republican just one year before.

As one prominent state Republican put it, "It is awfully difficult to carry an election when you have to pull 70 percent of the white vote." Duly noting that all the extra votes Ford had needed in Mississippi had amounted to just 10 percent of those cast by blacks, state GOP leaders made appropriate noises about "broadening the party's base" and "overcoming our elitist, country club image."

They really needn't have bothered. This election season, Mississippi Democrats have major problems of their own. Charles Evers, the black mayor of Fayette, is running for the US Senate as an independent. If the Republicans needed 70 percent of the white vote in 1976, this time they won't need much more than 50 percent.

Easily the most quotable candidate in an otherwise dreary race, Evers at times sounds like the retiring incumbent, James O. Eastland. He's opposed to the Panama Canal treaties and "forced busing." He wants prayer restored to the public schools. He thinks welfare should be replaced with "workfare." Most Mississippi blacks don't seem to mind; they must figure that kind of talk is mainly for the benefit of whites. Evers is bound to attract thousands of black votes that would otherwise go to Maurice Dantin, the Democratic nominee. And if Republican Congressman Thad Cochran wins this race (as the few available polls predict he will), he and the rest of the state GOP will owe Evers much of the credit for making Cochran Mississippi's first Republican senator since a black man named Blanche K. Bruce was elected in 1875.

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The real novelty, of course, would be a victory by Evers, but even in a three-way race he's going to need a lot more votes than the 158,000 (22 percent of the total) that he won in a two-way race for governor in 1971. And for all the changes wrought by the civil rights movement, most of the whites Evers is pitching to are still reluctant to play catch with a black.

For Republican Cochran, the race looks like a replay of his election to the House six years ago in a three-way contest in which another black independent drained off support from Cochran's Democratic opponent. Indeed, some Democrats hint darkly at all sorts of nefarious deals between Evers and Cochran. Yet the most startling endorsement Evers has so far received came from D.A. Biglane of Natchez, who is white, an oil millionaire and a long-time backer of Senator Eastland. Evers also has attracted to his campaign staff former aides to white Republican *and* Democratic candidates, which makes it even harder for white Democrats to conjure up a presentable conspiracy theory.

There is a fourth candidate in the race, independent Henry Kirksey, and he, too, is black. Kirksey, a Jackson businessman and civil rights activist, takes scathing note of Evers's positions on busing and welfare and says white conservatives are pumping money into the mayor's campaign "to help him popularize those ideas." In a more colorful turn of phrase, Owen Brooks, director of the Delta Ministry civil rights project, has denounced Evers as "the black prince of political opportunism." Brooks backs Kirksey, who will undoubtedly finish last.

Democrat Dantin, who stands to lose the most by Evers's candidacy, has so far refrained from attacking the black mayor. He has concentrated, instead, on running a low-key, congenial and methodical campaign that rests on one major issue: a Democrat, he says, can "do more" for Mississippi in the Senate. Otherwise, he and Congressman Cochran—a bright and personable conservative with a zero ADA rating—don't seem to disagree about much of anything.

Republican strategists are being careful not to make the mistake of underrating Dantin, Evers or no Evers. A former district attorney and unsuccessful candidate for governor in 1975, Dantin upset both Governor Finch and former governor William Waller in the primaries this summer. He has the backing of the state's entire white Democratic establishment, and of a small but significant part of the old "loyalist" faction—including Aaron Henry, a staunch national Democrat and NAACP leader. Henry, however, did the loyalist cause considerable damage earlier this year when it looked like Senator Eastland would run for yet another term. In a widely publicized open letter to blacks, Henry all but endorsed Eastland for reelection.

Where all this leaves Mississippi's tenuous "redneck-blackneck" coalition of 1976 will not be settled by this election, and those who read the results for portents of 1980 do so at their peril. As Thad Cochran told a visiting reporter for *The Washington Post*, a Republican victory in Mississippi won't herald the rebirth of the GOP in the South or anything like that. "No question, it's a fluke, a most unusual set of circumstances. If I had to write a script, I couldn't have done a better job."

Philip D. Carter

Philip D. Carter is editor of the *Delta Democrat-Times.*

The issue is Carey—
will apathy or antipathy prevail?

New York

New York City

When their electoral fortunes fade, governors and mayors in New York often become fanatical fans of the nearest successful baseball team. In October, it was therefore no surprise that Governor Hugh L. Carey suddenly started spending much of his valuable campaign time at Yankee Stadium. "The Yankees and I made a deal this season," Carey told a business group recently. "The Yankees were 14 games behind, and they promised to win the pennant. I was 20 points behind, and I made a promise, too. Get the picture?" As Election Day approaches, Carey has indeed climbed out of an earlier slump, but whether he can still beat his Republican opponent, Perry B. Duryea, remains an open question. The best polls showed them roughly even just as the post-World Series blitz of campaigning and commercials was getting under way.

The stakes are always high in the governor's race in New York. Nelson Rockefeller seemed to set a new spending record every time out, and this year Duryea and Carey may end up pouring out $4 million each. President Carter has no love for Carey personally, but he was due to make a last minute appearance with him in New York City out of a legitimate fear that the state's loss to a Republican might doom his own prospects in two years. Likewise Duryea, a lackluster conservative legislative leader who owns a seafood distribution company on Long Island, raised the ante by bringing in Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger, Ronald Reagan and the Kemp-Roth tax-cut crew from Washington. They all know that, if Duryea wins, he'll become a pivotal force at the GOP convention in 1980. (It's of no small significance that Duryea's relationship with Rockefeller is so poor that the former vice president virtually endorsed Carey at a recent, well-orchestrated ceremony renaming the gargantuan $1.2 billion South Mall in Albany as the Nelson A.

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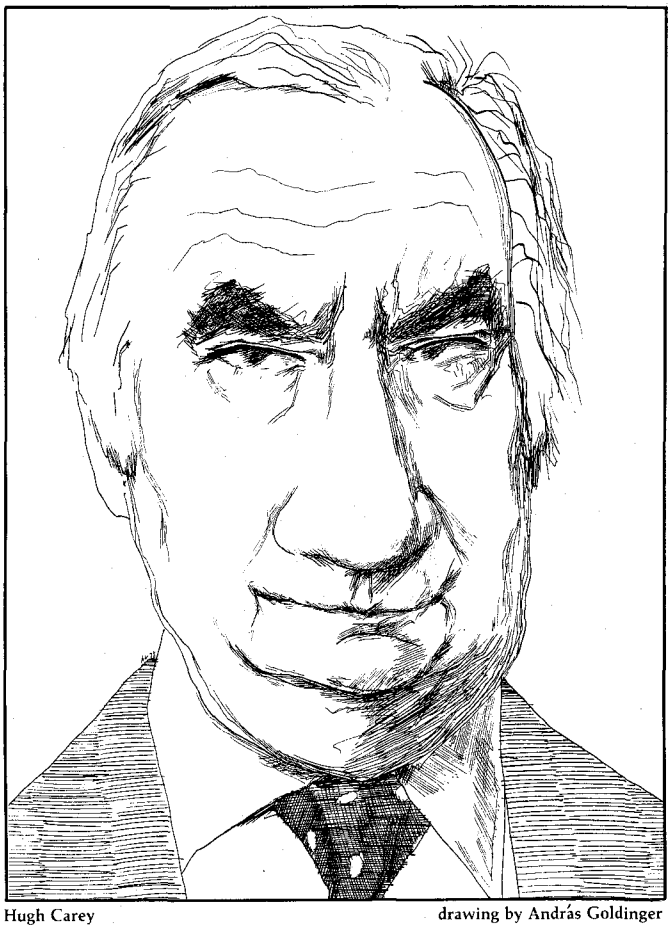

Hugh Carey drawing by András Goldinger

Rockefeller Plaza. Rocky's hatred of Duryea dates from the time when Duryea, as Speaker of the Assembly, blocked many of his programs.) If Carey wins, on the other hand, both he and Senator Daniel P. Moynihan will also play pivotal roles at the Democratic convention. The governor's race may, in turn, influence the Senate contest in two years. If Jacob Javits retires, the race well may draw in such nationally known aspirants as Kissinger, Jack Kemp and Congressman Bruce Caputo on the Republican side and, on the Democratic side, Joseph Califano, Elizabeth Holtzman and maybe a dozen others.

It might be tempting to dismiss the gubernatorial election this year as having little significance beyond its role as a warm-up contest for 1980. In fact, something quite far-reaching is at issue in New York: whether the Democratic Party can move politically to the right, beat the Republicans at their own game of tax cuts and law-and-order, and still hold on to enough distinctively liberal issues to retain its identity and that part of its constituency that provides money and a critical cornerstone of party strength. In California, Jerry Brown may be executing the strategy well, but it was a jolt to Carey and his aides to see Michael Dukakis in Massachusetts, with whom they feel some kinship, get overcome on his right flank.

When he first ran for governor, Carey was perceived by many as a stalwart, if fairly intelligent, party hack from Brooklyn, sleekly packaged by David Garth, who won because of a string of classic Democratic promises to spend more on social programs. Faced with a fiscal crisis in New York City and later in the state itself Carey moved effectively, even brilliantly, to dispel the stereotype. He has acted like a conservative on many issues ever since. He kept labor contract costs down, infuriating his union supporters. He cut the state payroll by 7500 employees, reduced welfare rolls, trimmed Medicaid disbursements and kept the growth of the state budget to below the inflation rate. He got the legislature to pass tough new criminal sentences, including life imprisonment for some teenage murderers, and new restrictions on plea-bargaining. Under Carey, the prison population in the state climbed from 14,000 to nearly 20,000, and the governor is now pushing to build new prisons to handle thousands more. His biggest political bonanza was a $1 billion tax cut, with the biggest breaks going to businesses and people of upper incomes.

Despite this record, he became vulnerable on both sides of the political spectrum. On the left, his lieutenant governor, Mary Anne Krupsak, challenged him in the Democratic primary and managed to get a third of the vote with much of her support coming from liberal Democratic groups. The Krupsak challenge was a brutal blow just as Duryea, on the right, was taking an even more conservative stance than Carey's on crime and taxes. For Duryea, in fact, the issue of crime is simply one of punishment—capital punishment. Carey's two vetoes of death-penalty legislation were the most unpopular positions he's had to take, and Duryea is riding the issue effectively, much the way Edward Koch did last year in his New York City mayoral campaign. Duryea's proposal for $2.2 billion in additional tax cuts makes Kemp-Roth look like Scrooge; only in this year of Proposition 13 would any candidate feel it necessary to make such an extravagant promise, and it may work with the voters. Carey has had to counter-punch by pointing out that Duryea supported $3.8 billion in tax increases during the Rockefeller years.

Personality, always an issue, looms unusually large this year because the governor is personally disliked by so many voters. His campaign advisers now feel he'll win only if the apathy of the Carey-haters exceeds their antipathy. Both of Carey's primary opponents, Krupsak and State Senator Jeremiah Bloom, have admitted they wouldn't have run if Carey had just returned their phone calls. Moody, self-righteous and impulsive, Carey succeeded in the fiscal crisis because he was a loner willing to sever his alliances with the public employee unions and especially Mayor Abraham Beame, who had helped elect him in 1974. Last year, Carey interjected Mario Cuomo to run against Beame, then dropped Cuomo after he lost the Democratic primary to Koch. Earlier, he had axed his handpicked Democratic party chairman, Patrick Cunningham, when Cunningham came under a grand jury investigation. These and other reversals all gave Carey a near-

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fatal reputation of a man who can't keep his word, which Duryea has exploited well, raising *ad hominem* attacks to a fever pitch. Carey has raised questions, meanwhile, about Duryea's business dealings in the Bahamas.

That there have been no clearly defined issues may stem in part from the absence of newspapers in New York City. Newspapers, it seems, may not be read by everybody, but their role in clarifying issues and spotting contradictory statements by candidates is being missed by politicians and voters more than most might have expected. Certainly Carey is badly hurt because he could have counted on endorsements from *The New York Times* and *The Daily News*. For in the end, because of his personality and his record, Carey is running as much against himself as he is against his Republican opponent.

Steven R. Weisman

Steven R. Weisman is a Washington correspondent with *The New York Times.*

New Right money vs.
Carter's unguided missile.

North Carolina

Raleigh

Republican Senator Jesse A. Helms, an elder of the New Right, is running a reelection campaign costing $6.2 million, much of it raised through a nationwide direct-mail drive managed by conservative activist Richard A. Viguerie. The Helms kitty contains more money than has ever been spent by a single Senate candidate in US history. Yet the enormous flow of dollars has not guaranteed the North Carolina Conservative a second term. John R. Ingram, the populist-style Democratic challenger whose campaign has taken in a mere $200,000, has received help from President Carter and has sought to turn the Helms financing into a principal issue.

The Helms campaign has had 180,000 contributors, two-thirds of them from outside North Carolina and including dozens of business and conservative political action committees. That the Helms campaign could attract such a huge influx of money suggests that the nation's right wing has placed an urgent priority on trying to keep him in the Senate. After his election in 1972, Helms moved quickly to establish himself as a spokesman for the New Right nationally and as a conservative "point man" in the Senate by opposing the Panama Canal treaties, fighting against labor reform and mastering the techniques of filibuster.

In the face of the pro-Helms conservative barrage, Ingram has built his campaign almost entirely around the argument that Helms's fund raising and Senate record make the senator an ally of "big special interests." Ingram labels Helms "the six-million-dollar man and he's not even bionic." Ingram has spent six years as state insurance commissioner in almost constant conflict with the industry. Now in the Senate race, Ingram proclaims repeatedly that "the issue of issues is who will represent the people and not the special interests."

On the stump, Ingram often offers praise for President Carter, who has made two appearances with the Democratic candidate. The president is said to have told aides that he thinks Ingram is the best natural campaigner he's seen this year. "If Helms and Tower and Thurmond got knocked off, it would break the back of the kookie right wing of the Republican Party," said Joel McCleary, who managed Carter's 1976 general election campaign in North Carolina and is now deputy to White House political aide Tim Kraft.

At the beginning of October, according to a poll commissioned by *The News and Observer* of Raleigh, Helms led with 45 percent of the vote, with Ingram within respectable striking distance at 38 percent. Of the undecided voters, 45 percent disapproved of the Helms campaign's multi-million-dollar fund raising. In a hypothetical 1980 Democratic primary to test Carter's standing among southerners, the poll showed the president with 47 percent, Senator Edward Kennedy with 24 percent and Governor Jerry Brown with 7 percent in North Carolina.

In assessing the Helms-Ingram race, it is crucial to recall the 1972 political atmosphere in which Helms became the first North Carolina Republican elected to the US Senate in 70 years. Helms defeated former Congressman Nick Galifianakis, who had won the Democratic nomination in a bruising primary from long-time incumbent B. Everett Jordan. A bitter primary for the nomination for governor further split the Democratic Party. Moreover, few leading Democrats were willing to associate themselves with presidential candidate George McGovern.

In 1972, the Helms campaign put up billboards reading "Nixon needs Helms" and purchased a newspaper ad spelling "McGovernGalifianakis" as one word. Nixon got 71 percent of the Tar Heel state vote and Helms rode along into the Senate with 54 percent. A moderate Republican, James E. Holshouser Jr., was elected governor. But much has changed since then. The state now has a moderate Democratic governor, James B. Hunt Jr., who is out campaigning for Ingram. There is no GOP presidential candidate on the ballot to lend Helms coattails. This year, the president is campaigning against Helms, not for him.

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Nevertheless, Helms retains a solid base of loyal followers, who cheer him lustily as he attacks big government and big unions. Though the New Right considers him among its leaders, Helms was preaching his brand of ideological conservatism long before the right began describing itself as "new." As a radio and television editorialist for nearly 12 years, Helms stridently objected to Medicare as a step toward "socialized medicine" and bitterly opposed Richard Nixon's approach to China as an undertaking to "appease . . . communist tyrants."

Strategically staying in Washington when the Senate was in session, Helms has allowed his well-financed organization to carry much of his political burden. The organization has 150 paid staffers. Almost all the $6.2 million collected before October 1 has been spent; about $3 million went into the cost of direct mail. Television ads have not been heavily issue-oriented; some feature endorsements by well-known athletes such as Jim "Catfish" Hunter, and one ad described Helms as a "dedicated Christian." Some of his direct-mail letters have called Ingram "the AFL-CIO's hand-picked candidate," but Ingram sought to defuse this issue by returning a $5000 contribution from COPE, labor's political unit. Helms does not court the vote of blacks. At a breakfast with reporters earlier this year, Helms was asked if he felt that segregation was wrong, to which he replied, "not for its time."

If he wins reelection, Helms almost certainly will involve himself in the 1980 presidential campaign. In 1976, he supported Ronald Reagan and took a major role in shaping the GOP platform at Kansas City. Lately, however, Helms has indicated he is not necessarily still committed to Reagan and, in a newspaper interview, even mentioned that he recently heard Reagan, whose age may be an issue, stumble through a speech. There have been some whispers that Helms himself may enter the GOP nomination scramble, but the senator gives no sign of having made a decision.

If Ingram defeats Helms, it would not only be another remarkable personal triumph for the candidate but also would complete the state Democratic Party's comeback from the 1972 debacle. Ingram gained the nomination by upsetting Luther H. Hodges Jr., son of a former governor, in a runoff, after having trailed Hodges by 13 percentage points in the first primary. Against Helms, Ingram has linked himself closely with the Democratic organization.

While he enthusiastically promotes himself as a man who saved people money on their insurance premiums, Ingram's record as insurance commissioner is the subject of heated controversy within the state. At his urging, the legislature enacted laws ending the system of higher rates for young automobile drivers and abolishing the special classification for drivers considered greater risks by insurers. Yet Ingram has lost nine out of 10 court tests of his rulings while commissioner. And the legislature last year stripped him of the power to deny rate increases before a court ruling. And Ingram also has accepted political contributions from insurance executives.

As a campaigner, Ingram is clearly more comfortable lashing out at opponents than offering detailed explanations of his own positions. He has said he would vote for some form of national health insurance, would be willing to use general revenues to bolster the Social Security fund and would like to stiffen antitrust laws. In addition, he has called for balancing the federal budget by cutting spending three percent per year. Helms wants a 10 percent across-the-board cut. The depth to which Ingram usually goes was illustrated in a recent speech when he suddenly called out, "Light bills. That's what we're talking about when we're talking about energy. When we get a handle on the light bills of the people of this country, then we'll have a handle on inflation." An Ingram supporter has acknowledged that he is likely to be "an unguided missile" in the Senate.

In one sense, the North Carolina Senate race hinges on whether swing voters express their emotional discontent with big government and social change by picking Helms or vote their pocketbook by going with Ingram. In another sense, Helms is the central issue and the election is a test of the pro-Helms versus anti-Helms sentiment in North Carolina.

Ferrel Guillory

Ferrel Guillory is an editorial writer and columnist with *The News and Observer* of Raleigh, North Carolina.

'TV man' Ravenel
trails a new Ol' Strom.

South Carolina

Columbia

It's a Saturday afternoon and five miles away, the University of South Carolina is giving Ohio University a Homecoming slugging. Fifty thousand people are there, but the Democratic candidate for US Senator, himself a former Harvard quarterback, has no time for football games. Politically, he can't even give first priority to wooing football fans. Rather, Charles D. ("Pug") Ravenel is campaigning at an intersection in Columbia's (and South Carolina's) largest black precinct, striving to hold onto what should be his bedrock political base. But the fact is that South

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Carolina's black voters are being courted strongly this year by none other than Senator Strom Thurmond, once among the South's foremost segregationists.

The black vote is pivotal in South Carolina. Twenty-six percent of all registered voters are black, but South Carolina's blacks no longer are voting from intimidation or from "friends and neighbors" politics. That is to say, television has made it impossible for a few men to control the actions of this large block of voters. Both camps have spots showing their candidate either being endorsed by blacks or talking to blacks. Blacks also hold key positions in each campaign, with the candidates hoping that this visibility will shore up and increase their support. Ironically, it was Ravenel who in 1974 proved that television could break through what previously had been a controlled vote. In his primary election campaign for governor that year, black voters defied their traditional leadership and voted in droves for Ravenel. They called him "the television man."

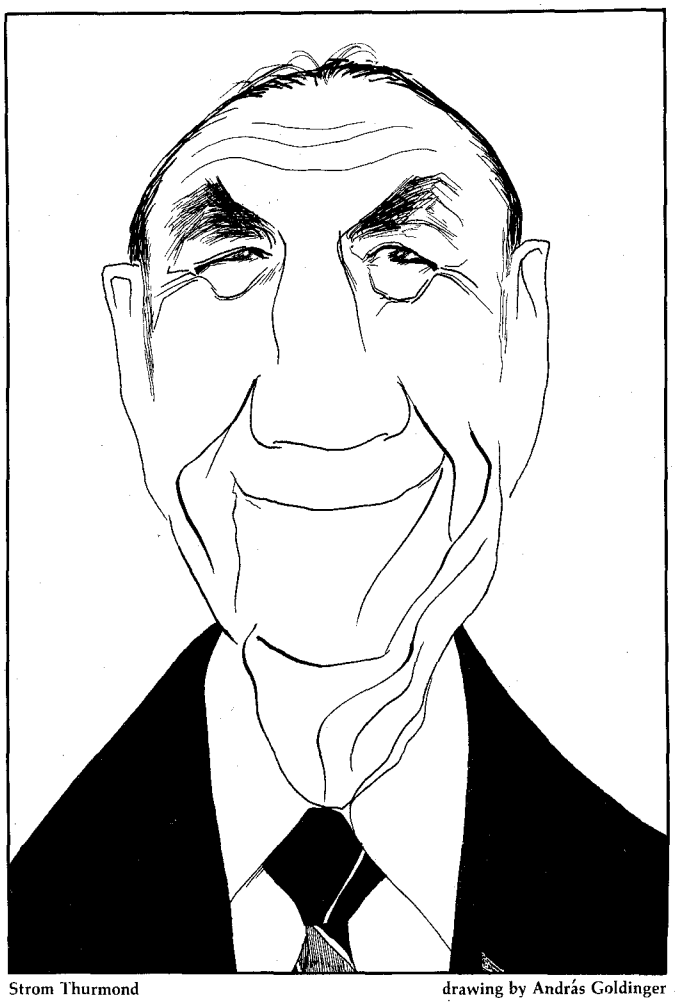
In 1974, Ravenel defeated Lieutenant Governor Earl Morris and veteran Congressman William Jennings Bryan Dorn, but was subsequently disqualified for not meeting residency requirements. Then he angered and stunned South Carolina Democrats by not supporting the subsequent nominee, Bryan Dorn. Dorn lost the statehouse to Republican James B. Edwards, thereby sealing the animosity of the state's Democratic establishment toward Ravenel.

But it is no longer 1974. It is November 1978 and Ravenel faces what could be a political Armageddon. Instead of running for governor again, he has decided to joust with that Democrat-Dixiecrat-Republican Strom Thurmond.

For Republicans a Thurmond defeat could be the equivalent of Gibraltar shattering. After all, it was Thurmond who began to build a national vanguard for Nixon under the guise of "a southern strategy." It was Thurmond who appeared in a plethora of GOP TV commercials designed to destroy George Wallace in 1968. In addition, he is the ranking minority member of the Senate judiciary committee as well as a mainstay for the Reagan-Helms-Laxalt wing of the Republican Party.

So outrageous is the Thurmond record with blacks that Ravenel has assembled a 13-page brochure containing some of his more outlandish segregationist statements. But this year, Thurmond has abandoned his old ways and aggressively courted South Carolina blacks, and his campaign workers privately guess that the senator could win as much as 20 percent of their votes.

One key to Thurmond's black appeal is constituent service. When sea island blacks off the coast of Charleston lost access to the mainland (and their jobs) following a hurricane, Thurmond rapidly shook loose federal funds for a surplus army ferry. When Benedict College, a small struggling black school in downtown Columbia, was on the brink of financial collapse,



Strom Thurmond drawing by András Goldinger

Thurmond came through with another federal grant. And it was Thurmond who nominated civil rights leader Matthew Perry to be the first black federal judge from South Carolina. In a last-minute switch, he was also the deciding vote in the Senate on the DC representation amendment.

Now, adding to all the ironies, the lifetime segregationist Thurmond is running television commercials in which sundry South Carolina blacks insist that they're for sending him back to Washington for another term. The Thurmond camp is also working to fragment traditional bases of black support. To black ministers in rural areas, for example, the pitch is, "We admit Thurmond has made mistakes in the past, but the past is over. There is no doubt that Thurmond brings home the bacon and the fact is, he's going to be reelected, so why not get behind him?" Some folks of both races find that logic compelling.

Wilma Neal, black coordinator for Ed Young, the Republican candidate for governor, admits that Thurmond has a strange pull. "There's something Mansonesque about him," she says. "He's got power. A lot of folk just like him and they don't know why."

Even though he's behind, Pug Ravenel is a true gut fighter. He slams Thurmond for 20 years of cruelty and deception to blacks. "I don't think black voters will be fooled this time," he says. "The horrible record of Strom Thurmond speaks for itself."

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Despite Thurmond's onslaught, Ravenel's campaign director, Marvin Chernoff, claims his man will hold on to 85 percent of the black vote. He explains the Ravenel mathematics like this: "500,000 people should vote. 25 percent of them will be black. If we get 80 percent of that plus 39 percent of the white vote, we'll win."

Part of Thurmond's ammunition in making himself out the inevitable winner is a summer telephone poll taken by Arthur Finkelstein which shows the incumbent beating the challenger by 30 points. Ravenel now counters with a Peter Hart poll released just three weeks ago, showing him down by only 14 points. Washington pollster Peter Hart is confident that his are the correct figures. "If Pug is down by 30 points," he says, "I'll turn in my credentials." If he's down by only 14, with two weeks to go, it's still a pretty steep climb.

Franklin Ashley

Franklin Ashley teaches at the University of South Carolina.

Money, Moderates and Mexican-Americans.

Texas

Austin

Mark down 1978 as the year that moderates, money and Mexican-Americans took over Texas politics—a combination that is likely to hold the balance here for some time.

During the past 40 years, with important exceptions, Texans have been confronted in the fall by a choice between right-wing Republicans and business-oriented, arch-conservative Democrats, which is to say not much choice at all. But the grip that the Tories have had on Democratic politics has been slipping for several years, and this year it was finally broken. As a result, Texas is about to emerge as a New South state, some 10 years after Jimmy Carter, Reuben Askew and other southerners led their states from a very dark age into one that, if not enlightened, is at least dimly lit.

Carrying the torch in Texas is John Hill, the current attorney general and former Houston lawyer who surprised old-line Democrats in last May's gubernatorial primary by the ease of his victory over their man, the terminally dull, six-year incumbent, Dolph Briscoe. Upper-middle class moderates, upwardly-mobile young attorneys, minorities, school teachers, striking farmers, liberals and some unions formed the core of Hill's early support, and even though his blustery Republican opponent is spending a bundle to be the first GOP governor in 108 years, the Democrat's activist base and moderate views should be more than enough to carry the day. If so, Hill will be the first Texas governor since 1936 to let progressives use the front door of the governor's mansion, and about half the time he can be expected to give them what they come to get.

In addition to the governorship, Texas's congressional delegation is also in line for a good dose of political moderation. Eight Texas Democrats in the US House—a third of the state's delegation—are stepping down this year, voluntarily or otherwise, and all but one of them (Barbara Jordan) are extremely conservative. Four of this bunch (Mahon, Teague, Burleson and Poage) have collected 150 years of seniority and enough moss on their backs to grow truffles. Assuming that the Democratic nominees to these eight seats win (and Republicans have a good chance at only two of them), the new line-up will be two progressives, three moderates and three conservatives. The effect of these changes on the state's whole delegation will be to shift its position on the political spectrum from the far right to the near right, which counts as substantial progress down here. It's the trend that is significant.

One more bit of evidence that Texas politics is hewing a moderate path is the important change within the state Democratic executive committee, a 62-member body that runs party affairs between state conventions. This used to be the private club of Tory Democrats, and no one of the liberal persuasion was allowed to enter except occasionally to amuse the members. In 1976, however, those who were last became first, when a coalition of progressives and moderates won about two-thirds of the seats, and at this year's state convention the coalition increased its strength and elected one of its own to serve as state party chairman. The Tories, reduced to a caucus and in a deep pout, have not been able to mount a successful comeback.

Texas is entering the national mainstream, too, by its unfortunate proliferation of bland, medium-cool candidates who deal in advertised images rather than issues. Colorful, rambunctious politicians, hard-hitting, red-faced speechmaking and hand-to-hand politicking are all on the decline, and Texas will be the duller for it. Replacing them is the 30-second spot, which particularly in this huge state, makes money the decisive political factor. Air time for a single 30-second spot in Dallas, for example, can run as high as $8000. And the sheer size of Texas becomes more than a cornball joke when one attempts to campaign throughout it—there are 54 TV stations and nearly 500 radio stations in 17 separate media markets, and time must be bought in each of them if a candidate is to establish state-wide name recognition and construct an image.

The upshot is that there has been startling inflation in the ante for state-wide office. Bill Clements, the Dallas oil-drilling multimillionaire and former Nixon

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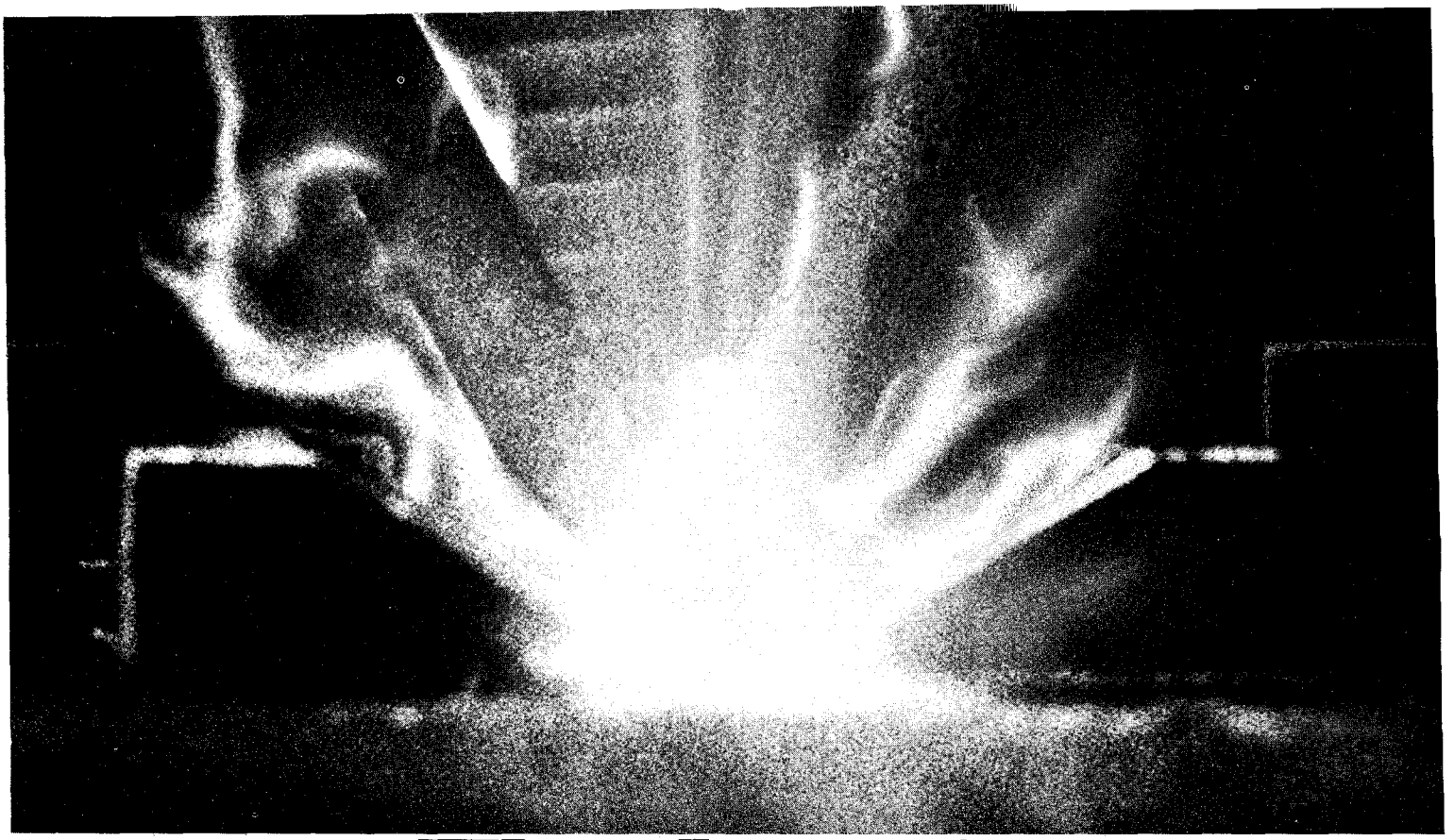

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appointee to the defense department, spent about $2 million last spring to win 84,000 votes and the Republican gubernatorial nomination, and he is expected to spend as much as $4 million more in the general election trying to beat John Hill, who only half-jokingly says that Clements is on a $6-million ego trip. Yet Hill is spending half that sum himself; indeed, it was his early money-raising success that impressed a lot of Texas pols and convinced some progressives that he could be the right horse to ride against Briscoe. Speaking of Briscoe, it cost him $3 million to lose the nomination to Hill.

Texas' US Senate seats are proving equally expensive in this new day of electronic campaigning. Republican John Tower, with all the name recognition that 17 years of incumbency affords, will spend $5 million this year on his reelection bid, while Democratic challenger Bob Krueger will put down $3 million on the race. For this kind of money voters ought to get issues, but Krueger's and Tower's views are so similar that their campaign has come down to a series of quibbles, with both candidates concentrating on the production and broadcasting of carefully-drawn media images—Tower is trying to fit himself into the mold of all-time Texas hero Sam Houston, while Krueger is saying that Texas, through him, is "called to greatness."

All this adds up to $20 million being spent on one governorship and a senate seat, and that's not the end of it by any means. There is a candidate who will spend nearly a million to win a seat on the state Railroad Commission, which has little to do with railroads and much to do with oil and gas regulation. Candidates are now spending upward of $500,000 to win congressional seats and , in Houston and Dallas, there are state judge candidates bidding $100,000 for these relatively minor offices.

This does not mean that the biggest spenders always win—Hill was outspent 2-to-1 by Briscoe in the primary and will be outspent almost 3-to-1 by Clements, and while Krueger can raise only about half of Tower's war chest, he is running neck and neck with him in the polls. But it does mean that a candidate must spend "competitively" with his or her opponent, which translates to plenty big bucks. It marks a drastic change from just yesterday, when a serious campaign could be mounted in Texas on volunteer energy alone.

The big news of '78, however, is neither the shift from conservative to moderate winners, nor the formidable barrier of money; rather it is the recognition that Mexican-American voters are the future of Texas politics. Chicanos already cast about 12 percent of the state's total vote, and their number is increasing faster than any other group. The importance of this growing power is not lost on any of the Anglo politicians who harbor state-wide political ambitions four and six years down the road—you'll find most of them now enrolled in night schools, taking Spanish lessons.

These students may well redouble their efforts after this year's balloting, for the Mexican-American vote has been steadily courted and could be decisive in the senate race. The Mexican-American precincts are heavily Democratic, but Tower claims to have won 35 percent of their vote in 1972 (Chicano leaders scoff at this claim), and he is hoping for as much as 20 percent of it this time. The Republican is spending at least $250,000 on special Spanish language advertising, including a proliferation of billboards in Chicano neighborhoods proclaiming Tower to be "con nosotros"—with us.

Krueger, of course, is trying to generate a record vote in Mexican-American precincts, using specially targeted media, an arm-long list of Chicano leader endorsements, a major get-out-the-vote campaign and a heavy travel schedule throughout South Texas, where most of the population resides. He also speaks a little Spanish, often. In addition, Krueger has directed his out-of-state help toward this vote—Vice President Walter Mondale and Rosalynn Carter have both traveled south in his behalf, and Senator Edward Kennedy has made radio spots in both Spanish and English to help Krueger turn out South Texas voters.

John Hill didn't get where he is by ignoring the rising tide in South Texas either—he had early and strong support in his gubernatorial race from several Mexican-American legislators, and they helped him win a decisive 60 percent of the Chicano voters in his May upset of the sitting governor. He should get about 90 percent of it this fall. Not that his opponent isn't trying—Clements has his own billboards ("Estamos de acuerdo," they assert—we are in accord), but he has had his troubles developing a credible image of solidarity. His Mexican-American coordinator quit at mid-summer, charging that Clements's campaign was making only a token effort to win brown votes. Then, under close questioning at a South Texas meeting about the specifics of his professed concern for Chicanos, Clements blurted, "I'm not running for governor of Mexico, you know."

That's the kind of blunder that will ruin a campaign in Texas from now on. Mexican-Americans sense their growing strength and are becoming more active in politics at a time when most Texans are becoming less active. Chicano leaders are already focusing on the 1980 census to make sure that every last one of their people get counted, looking toward the reapportionment that will flow from that count. More Chicanos are getting elected in every election, and even some of the South Texas ranching areas that have been bastions of Anglo conservatism are now faced with undeniable Mexican-American majorities. It is an exciting and generally progressive trend, and it is changing Texas.

Jim Hightower

Jim Hightower is editor of *The Texas Observer.*

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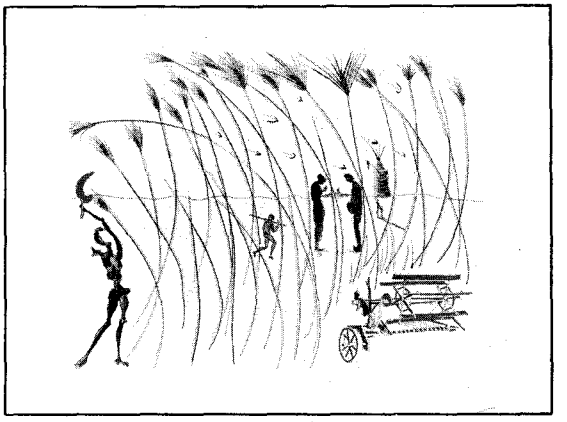

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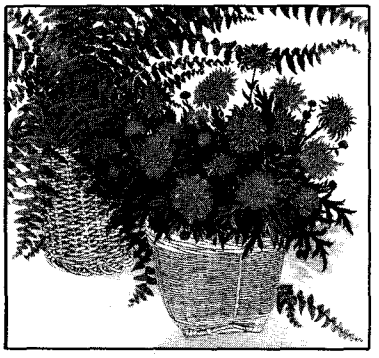

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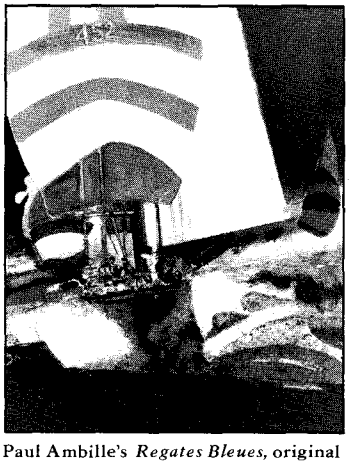

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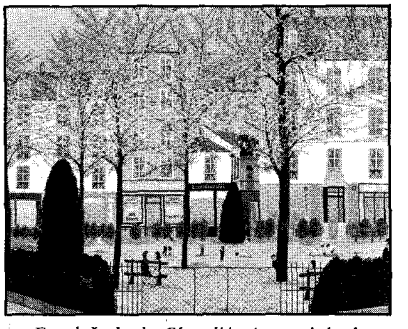

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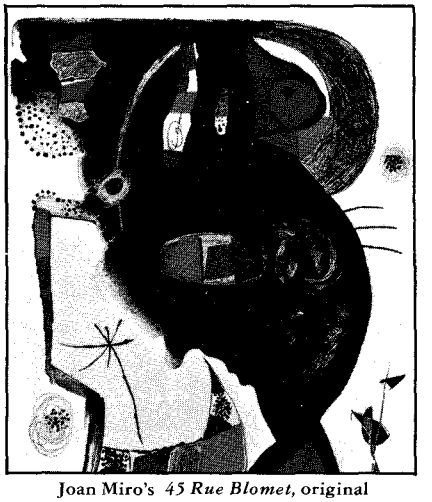

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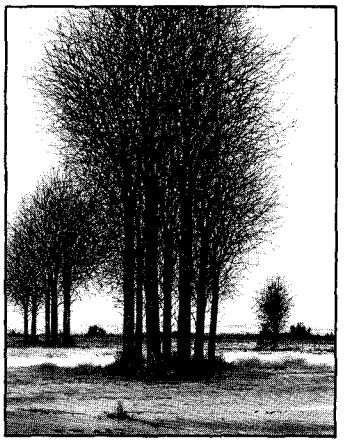

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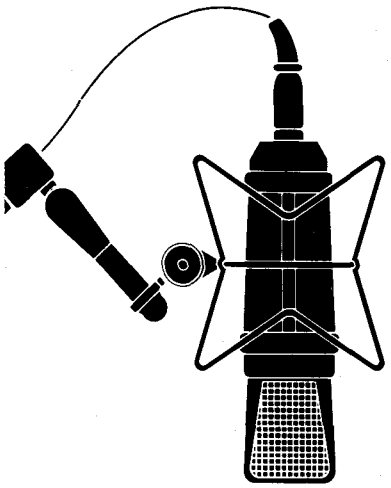

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Late Fall Books

Notice to Our Readers: We are again presenting for your perusal a listing by publishers of books that they consider of particular importance to the readers of *The New Republic*. The appraisal and description are those of the book publishers. **The Editors.**

ACROPOLIS

Crisis In Health Care
by Jordan Braverman. $12.50

Learn why health care in America costs so much and what can be done about it. The author investigates health maintenance organizations, health care planning, insurance, the role of physicians, and national health care policies.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE INSTITUTE

The New American Political System
edited by Anthony King. $6.75

Assesses the profound changes in the American political system since 1961: the non-imperial presidency, dispersed congressional power, the politics of "issue networks," and the continuing decline of political parties.

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS

Chronic Pain:
Americas's Hidden Epidemic.
bu Steven V. Brena, M.D. $8.95

With about one million American workers on any given day crippled by chronic pain, and with the yearly bill for medical care of chronic pain now passing $15 million, it has become a major national health and economic problem.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

Leading Lady: The World and Theatre of Katharine Cornell
by Tad Mosel with
Gertrude Macy. $15.95

Katharine Cornell, the American stage's majestic equivalent to Greta Garbo, had a magnificent career as actress, producer, and grande dame between the twenties and the fifties. A glamorous and compassionate biography, handsomely illustrated.

BASIC BOOKS

Woman's Proper Place:
by Sheila M. Rothman. $12.50

A history of changing ideals and practices, 1870 to the present. A leading social historian presents a historical social portrait of American women and evaluates major changes in the ideals of womanhood. The book shows the impact of contemporary social policy towards women.

BEACON PRESS

The Aesthetic Dimenson
by Herbert Marcuse. $6.95

Marcuse on art. "His insights are genuine and his dryly written work . . . has a prophetic quality that suggests new generations will look on the Marxian model as a quaint artifact."—*Publishers Weekly.*

BOBBS-MERRILL

Conference of the Birds
by John Heilpern. $10.95

A chronicle of an 8500-mile journey through remote villages of Africa made by controversial director Peter Brook and a troupe of actors in search of the roots of theater.

GEORGE BRAZILLER, INC.

Montaillou: The Promised Land of Error
by Emmanuel LeRoy Ladurie. $20.00

"This is the best kind of historical scholarship. It is a Chaucerian gallery of vivid medieval persons. No wonder it has been a bestseller in France."—Hugh Trevor-Roper, (London) *Sunday Times.*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Public and Private Morality
edited by Stuart Hampshire $3.95 (paperback)

Five well-known philosophers discuss the extent to which the moral principles of private behavior can be applied to public policies and political decisions: Hampshire and Dworkin (Oxford); Nagel and Scanlon (Princeton); Bernard Williams (Cambridge).

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Television and Human Behavior
by George Comstock
$16.95, $9.95 (paperback)

The findings on how society is affected by cartoons, adventures, soaps, etc. The continuing debate over the power of television to instigate violence is considered in the light of recent evidence.

COWARD, McCANN & GEOGHEGAN, INC.

Teen Angel
by Sovia Pilcer. $8.95

At Humboldt Junior High in Washington Heights, New York, every girl wants to be a Teen Angel, and no one more than fourteen-year-old Sonny Palovsky. She laughs, lies, and cries her way into adulthood in this fast, funny, exuberant novel of a young woman's coming of age.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL

Fragments of Isabella:
A Memoir of Auschwitz
by Isabella Leitner. $7.95

A moving personal account of a Hungarian woman's experience in Auschwitz. Surrounded by death and unspeakable cruelty, Isabella and her sisters saw in their survival a confirmation that there was still something worth living for.

DELACORTE PRESS

Irwin Shaw Short Stories:
Five Decades. $14.95

Included in this collection are sixty-three stories spanning five decades. Few can match Irwin Shaw for the understanding humor with which he regards his characters, for his impeccable craftsmanship, and for the sheer pleasure he brings to the reader.

DIAL PRESS - JAMES WADE

The Shipkiller
by Justin Scott. $9.95

A pulse-racing epic of love and revenge. One man on a sailboat stalking the giant supertanker which had destroyed his first sailboat, drowning his beloved wife.

DOUBLEDAY

Memoirs
by Jean Monnet. $12.95

More than any other single man, Monnet is responsible for the concept of the Common Market and the economic rebirth of Western Europe. This memoir, his first, casts new light on crucial events and leaders of the past sixty years.

Nostaliga for the Present
by Andrei Voznesensky. $10.00, $4.95 (paperback)

New poems, and one classic, by the celebrated Russian poet. This is the first major collection of Voznesensky's work to appear in the United States in over ten years.

E.P. DUTTON / HENRY ROBBINS BOOKS

The Actor's Life
Journals 1956-1976
by Charlton Heston. $12.95

A fascinating account of the personal and working life of one of America's most

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celebrated actors and a behind-the-scenes picture of twenty-one years of Hollywood history.

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

Belle Saisons:
A Colette Scrapbook
assembled, and with commentary,
by Robert Phelps. $15.00

This is the kind of scrapbook Colette herself might have kept: photographs, drawings, and marginal anecdotes by friends and confreres. If her life has a secret, its intimation lies somewhere in these pages, pervasive, penetrating, and, however expressed, having something to do with what Shakespeare meant when at the end of his life he said, "Ripeness is all."

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

E. M. Forster: A Life
by P.N. Furbank. $19.95

Upon his death, E.M. Forster released all his personal papers for inclusion in this authorized biography. This intimate work is a candid and touching portrait of one of this century's major literary figures.

The Flounder
by Gunter Grass. $12.00.

Grass's story of an immortal hero, his eleven lives, his eleven women and talking fish, was an instant bestseller in Germany. Ingeniously depicting the eternal struggle for power between the sexes, *The Flounder* is a testimony to the brilliance of the author of *The Tin Drum*.

HARPER & ROW

Chopin
by George R. Marek with Maria Gordon-Smith. $12.95

"A well-written and thoroughly researched book about the short life of one of the greatest melodists music has ever known. I have read it with pleasure."—Winthrop Sargeant

The Lion's Last Roar:
Suez, 1956
by Chester L. Cooper. $12.95

Cooper dramatically relates the genesis of the Suez Crisis, the event itself and its effects, and focuses on the complex personalities of Anthony Eden and John Foster Dulles.

Yesterday
A Memoir of a Russian Jewish Family
by Mirian Shomer Zunser. $11.95
Edited by her granddaughter Emily Wortis Leider

"The Shomer saga is engrossing, illuminating, and an encouraging reminder of a life we have lost, but also of a heritage that gives us belief in our own surivival.—Molly Picon

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

On Human Nature
by Edward O. Wilson $12.50

The author of *Sociobiology* shows how evolution has left its traces on all human activities, from sex and aggression to religion and self-sacrifice; yet he believes mankind can hope to transcend the bonds of biology through pure knowledge and awareness of human nature.

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON

Cold is the Sea
by Edward L. Beach. $10.00

The exciting, tension-filled companion novel to *Run Silent, Run Deep and Dust on the Sea*. Fifteen years after WW II, *The Cushing*, one of America's most advanced nuclear missile submarines, is on a crucial secret mission in the Artic when a danger appears in the shape of the *Novosibirslykosomol*, a Soviet nuclear sub.

The Disposable Parent:
The Case for Joint Custody
by Mel Romand and William Haddad $8.95

Mel Roman, a practicing family therapist, and William Haddad, a divorced father of three, explain why fathers have been treated like disposable parents, show why joint custody should be the solution of choice, and suggest ways of working out joint-custody arrangements.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Bunker: The History of the Reich Chancellery Group
by James P. O'Donnell. $13.95

This is the first complete account of the last weeks of Hitler and his entourage in the underground Berlin bunker—and of the breakout attempt that followed. New materials—unavailable at the time of Trevor-Roper's authoritative work—are presented.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Congress and the Budget
by Joel Havemann. $12.95

"Havemann, a reporter for the *National Journal*, has written an excellent overview of the congressional budget process. . . . This readable volume [is] highly recommended."—*Library Journal* "Crisp and informative."—Alice M. Rivlin

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

Women Under Communism
by Barbara Wolfe Jancar. $16.00

To study the life style of women in Communist countries, Jancar visited and interviewed women in the USSR, Poland, East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Romania to find out whether the promise of sexual equality held out by Communism has become a reality.

KNOPF

A Season of Youth:
The American Revolution
and the Historical Imagination
by Michael Kammen. $15.00

From the 1973 Pulitzer Prize winner, "A major contribution to cultural history. . . . A work of rich and imaginative scholarship, exciting and important for what it explicates and deeply disturbing for what it implies" (Washington Post).

The Arts of David Levine
by David Levine. $25.00

"David Levine is thought by many to be one of the greatest caricaturists in history," says *Esquire*. "He is also one of the country's best watercolorists." A lavish selection: 234 plates, including 64 oils and watercolors in full color. Text by Thomas S. Buechner, former curator, Brooklyn Museum.

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

Black Angus
by Newton Thornburg. $8.95

"The most impressive feat of storytelling I've read in a long, long time."—*The Baltimore Sun*

Liberty and Union
by David Herbert Donald. $12.50

"A rare treat for the fancier of Civil War and Reconstruction history. . . by a scholar at the top of the field."—James Reston, Jr.

Deliverance Day
The Last Hours at Dachau
by Michael Selzer. $10.95

An account of the day the United States Army liberated Dachau, based on interviews with surviving prisoners and American soldiers who were there on April 29, 1945. A celebration of survival, their stories comprise an hour by hour reconstruction of the events and emotions of that momentous day.

MACMILLAN

The Non-Runner's Book
by Vic Ziegel and Lewis Grossberger. $2.95 (paperback)

"Walk—Do Not Run," is the message of this zany guide. This first full-length back-lash against jogging runs the gamut from "Sex and the Single Runner" to "Staying Out Of Shape."

RICHARD MAREK

Death of a Politician
by Richard Condon. $9.95

America's most prominent political figure is found murdered. Parallel investigations by the NYPD and the secret police ruthlessly uncover the dead man's life and times. A chilling story, at once comic and profound, of contemporary American politics since WW II.

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METHUEN

Summer Places
by Brendan Gill. $29.95

This is a lavishly illustrated look at the way we live during a very special season. Photographs are by celebrated photographer Dudley Witney.

Time and Chance
by Peter Townsend. $10.95

A quarter-century ago, speculation on the love affair between Princess Margaret, then 23 years old, and Peter Townsend, equerry to her father the king, shocked the world. Peter Townsend recalls those controversial and painful years in his autobiography.

THE M.I.T. PRESS

The Visionary Eye: Essays in the Arts, Literature and Science
by Jacob Bronowski

The companion volume to *A Sense of the Future* (also published by the MIT Press), this collection of eleven essays focuses on Bronowski's philosophy of art. His underlying principles are that the deep unity of the arts and sciences will not allow them to be treated in mutual isolation, and that "a rational aesthetic must start from the conviction that art (and science too) is a normal activity of human life."

WILLIAM MORROW

The Literacy Hoax: The Decline of Reading, Writing and Learning in the Public Schools and What We Can Do About It
by Paul Copperman. $10.95

There is a national crisis in our educational system. While basic academic skills drop yearly, the national grade point average continues to rise. Copperman's well-documented findings and concrete suggestions make this a potentially historic work.

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS

Forgive the Father: A Memoir of Changing Generations
by Howard Wolf $8.95

An anguished memoir of a man striving to be a responsible father and husband while all around him popular culture preaches the demise of the family. For all those whose lives were touched by the revolution called "The Sixties," *Forgive the Father* will strike a nerve of recognition.

W. W. NORTON

God and the Astronomers
by Dr. Robert Jastrow. $7.95

Explains the facts that recently led astronomers to the conclusion that the world began abruptly, as the Bible says. "When the evidence began to accumulate, they were repelled by their own findings." He tells the human story of their emotional reactions to the possibility of divine creation.

OXFORD PRESS

Dialogues on American Politics
by Irving Louis Horowitz and Seymour Martin Lipset. $10.00, $2.95 paperback

Two of America's most esteemed social scientists debated the "revolution of falling expectations" in 1976 and 1977. These edited transcripts of those debates include a special dialogue evaluating the Carter record to date.

Delirious New York
by Rem Koolhaas. $35.00

This original and provocative interpretation of New York is an *extraordinary* illustrated book that is one of the most revolutionary examples of architectural and urban thinking to appear in decades. 400 color and black and white illustrations.

PANTHEON

Orientalism
by Edward Said. $15.00

A critique of traditional Western attitudes toward "the Orient," *Orientalism* is a highly imaginative history of the ways in which the West has discovered, invented, and sought to control the East. "Insightful, timely and brilliantly reasoned."—*Publishers Weekly*

Amoskeag: Life and Work in an American Factory-City
by Tamara Hareven and Randolph Langenbach. $15.00

"An important book . . . an intensely human yet scholarly portrait of early 20th-Century life and labor at the world's largest textile mill."—*Library Journal*

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Mindscreen—Bergman, Godard and First-Person Film
by Bruce F. Kawin. $15.50-$4.95

A look at firms as a self-conscious form of story telling. Kawin's close readings of works as old as *The Life of an American Fireman* (1903) to those as recent as *Providence* (1977) are perceptive and convincing.

PUTNAM'S

A Hymnal
by William F. Buckley, Jr., $12.95

Here is the newest—and best—collection of essays by America's foremost practitioner of the controversial art of commentary and debate. Whether evoking the last days of Cardinal Mindszenty . . . or dissecting the selling of a best seller, Buckley delivers essays of range and pungency as a personal journalist in the tradition of Addison and Steele.

The Complete Graphic Works of William Blake
by David Bindman. $45.00

The first such undertaking in more than 50 years, this monumental volume encompasses Blake's entire artistic career, from his apprenticeship as an engraver to his last, uncompleted work. Illustrated with 765 black-and-white plates.

RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

Ourselves and Our Children:
A Book By and For Parents
by The Boston Women's Health Book Collective, Inc. $12.95 $6.95 (paperback)

For the first time, a book on parenting focuses on the parents themselves—by the people who wrote the best-selling *Our Bodies, Ourselves*. Based on the authors' own experiences and discussions with more than two hundred mothers and fathers, this book examines both the wonders and frustrations of parenthood and the challenge to work out the balance among the various roles as parents.

A Jew Today
by Elie Wiesel. $10.00

One of the great writers of our generation addresses himself to the question of what it means to be a Jew in America, in Europe, in Israel—from the unique perspective of one whose life has been formed by the sense of his Jewishness. Included here are diary excerpts, open letters and unforgettable portraits of friends and notables—weaving together all the periods of the author's life.

RIZZOLI

Symbolist and Symbolism
by Robert L. DeLevoy. $60.00

230 pages, 400 illustrations, 100 tipped in color plates. (Skira/Rizzoli) This remarkably beautiful book reproduces the most significant symbolist paintings inspired by dreams and images of the unconscious, and explains the importance of the movement that foreshadowed 20th century Surrealism.

SCHOCKEN

Magnifications: Photography with the Scanning Electron Microscope
by David Scharf. $10.95

Called the "Ansel Adams of inner space," David Scharf shares his minuscule world of plants, insects, and inanimate objects in 100 stunning duotone photographs.

SCRIBNER'S

Of Wolves and Men
by Barry Holstun Lopez. $14.95

This book about wolves and the power of the human imagination is hailed by *Newsweek* as

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"fresh, original work" and by John Fowles as "remarkable . . . both biologically absorbing and humanly rich."

The Secret Betrayal 1944-1947
by Nikolai Tolstoy. $14.95

Reveals a shameful episode of World War II—the Allies' forced repatriation of two million Russians to the Soviets. "A disturbing, eye-opening story told by a fine historian." (*Publishers Weekly*)

THE SEABURY PRESS

Brecht: *A Biography*
by Klaus Volker. $14.95

Klaus Volker's study, nearly a decade in preparation, will surely become the classic critical biography of Bertolt Brecht. Where past biographers have often exploited Brecht's life as a means to communicate their own ideological messages, Volker follows the painstaking approach of the sleuth: he unearth and validates countless facts and carefully reexamines the stereotypes of the writer which have often become accepted as fact. " . . . conscientious, well-researched biography . . . often illuminating . . . a valuable source . . . " *Kirkus Reviews*

SIMON & SCHUSTER

Tutankhamun: The Untold Story
by Thomas Hoving. $12.95

Hoving, former head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, unravels the conflicting stories of the tomb's discovery. It is a true account of adventure and intrigue, about an incredible treasure and the complex and colorful men who struggled for it. Illustrated with black and white and color photographs.

Somebody's Darling
by Larry McMurtry $10.00

A rich and engrossing story of Hollywood and the motion picture industry, where one woman, more or less in love with two men, and more or less loved by them, confronts her own ambitions and her own needs as a woman.

STEIN AND DAY

The Tibbets Story
by Paul W. Tibbets with Claire Stebbons and Harry Franken. $9.95

The true story of the man who was rated the best US Airforce pilot in WW II. Includes important bomber raids in Europe as well as his best known assignment, the mission to Hiroshima.

The Klan
by Patsy Sims. $12.50

Award winning journalist documents the activities, philosophy and people of today's resurgent Ku Klux Klan. Exclusive interviews with Klan members.

ST. MARTINS PRESS

Dressing Right
by Charles Hicks with Briand Burdine. $17.50

In his new guide for men, Charles Hicks, author of the best selling *Looking Good*, arms American men with new strategies and surefire ammunition to dispel the fear of facing their wardrobes square on. Noting both the dangers of following fashion blindly and ignoring personal flare entirely, Hicks shows that there are six basic male body types and demonstrates how every man can select apparel suited to his own frame.

TIMES

Lifeboats to Ararat
by Sheldon Campbell. $9.95

An insider's comprehensive, entertaining look at zoos past and present including charming anecdotes and citing the serious role of today's zoos (as the modern ark) to save and breed vanishing species.

Upward Nobility: How to Win the Rat Race without Becoming a Rat
by Addison Steele. $8.95

A refreshing and witty rejoinder to Korda and Ringer, revealing how to survive the sometimes frustrating, sometimes insane experiences of the corporate world without sacrificing self-respect or professional gratification.

TROISIEME

The Retarded Genius
by R.J. Meaddough. $9.95

A psychological mugging; about the Black Middle-Class in America, about how the Internal Revenue Service really operates, and the politics of anti-poverty programs.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

Scandal and Reform: *Controlling Police Corruption*
by Lawrence W. Sherman, $14.50.

A study of police department corruption in the cities of New York, Newburgh, New York, Oakland, California, and a fourth, unnamed city.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Last Half-Century Societal Change and Politics in America
by Morris Janowitz. $25.00

This systematic analysis of the major social trends in America over the past fifty years examines the weakening of popular party affiliations and the increased inability of elected representatives to rule.

Galileo at Work
His Scientific biography
by Stillman Drake. $25.00

In this fascinating biography, Drake argues—on the basis of the most thorough review ever made of Galileo's life and work—that Galileo was, above all, a man of science.

VIKING

Cora
by Daphne Athas. $10.95

Two ordinary people happen to meet on a bus ride—Don, a 24-year-old Greek-American on an Army furlough; Cora, a 47-year-old American widow vacationing in Greece. *Cora* explores the changes that occur when two unlikely lovers find themselves linked by a combination of circumstances.

Bearings: A Foreign Correspondent's Life Behind the Lines
by Edward Behr. $12.50

From the struggle for Indian independence in the 1940s, to the Tet offensive in 1968, and beyond—Edward Behr has pursued his passion for news. Mr. Behr sets down his personal experiences in a mosiac of memories and stories, some funny, some tragic, some farcical—all offering fascinating glimpses of behind-the-scenes raw material of history.

JOHN WILEY & SONS, INC.

Odds-On Investing: Survival and Success in The New Stock Market
by Eugene D. Brody and Betsy L. Bliss $14.95

Spells out the methods and rationale of stock options trading and other professional techniques which make the volatility of today's stock market work for, instead of against, the intelligent investor.

Dictionary of Business and Management
by Jerry M. Rosenberg. $24.95

Business law, accounting, real estate, foreign trade, finance—all have their jargons which must be used accurately. With 8000 entries, this is the most extensive reference of business terms ever published.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Life in the English Country House: A Social and Architectural History
by Mark Girouard. $19.95

A beautifully illustrated history of the English country house from the Middle Ages to the 20th century that provides "a fascinating look at what went on both upstairs and downstairs."—*Publishers Weekly*

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Murders Grave and Gay

How carefully Jules Dassin works, and how little comes of it. He thinks a long time between pictures and then, usually, comes up with a trick that fails. After establishing himself in American theater and films, he became a Joe McCarthy emigré and, at first, seemed better off for the move to Europe. *Rififi* was a good thriller; *He Who Must Die* had at least the gravity of the Kazantzakis novel from which it was made; *Never on Sunday* was pleasant sentimentality. The last two were done in Greece with Melina Mercouri, whom Dassin married, and his career has mostly been tied to hers since then. Not visibly to the benefit of either. His one American film since his exile—*Uptight*, an updated black version of *The Informer*—was a disaster, but his later Mercouri films were not quite that good. Now, after another long time-out for thought, Dassin has come up with another empty cleverness.

The trouble is all in the script, which he wrote. As director, he's very slick, very quick and sharp, and is obviously skilled in handling actors, but he seems to have been so overwhelmed by the premise of his script that he never examined the results of the premise. *A Dream of Passion* (Avco Embassy)—the title is from Hamlet's "rogue and peasant slave" soliloquy—starts with a coincidence, and for all the heavy weather about it, a coincidence is all that it remains. A world-famous Greek actress, known in film and theater (played by guess who) is back in Athens to do *Medea*. (The picture is mostly in English, but intermittent passages, like the scenes from the play, are in Greek with subtitles.) It's discovered that there is an American woman in a Greek prison—this is said to be factual—serving a life sentence for killing her children as revenge on her philandering husband. Because of the parallel with the play, Mercouri interrupts rehearsals to visit the woman (Ellen Burstyn) in prison. Mercouri is accompanied by the press, yet, unaccountably, is surprised when Burstyn is furious because the supposedly humane visit is a publicity junket.

Later, the contrite Mercouri gets Burstyn's confidence, sees her often, and through conversations and flashbacks, we learn about Burstyn's past and Mercouri's present. But out of the parallel between Burstyn's crime and Euripides' play, which was clear in the first ten minutes or so, nothing grows. The parallel is simply chewed and chewed, sententiously. All through the film we are shown bits of Mercouri rehearsing *Medea*, with her director making negative or quizzical comments after each scene. First, most of these comments seem imposed by Author Dassin: I couldn't see much relation between them and the rehearsal we had just witnessed. Second, we are led to believe that Mercouri's performance will alter in some way—*any* way but *some* way—as the result of her contacts with a "real" Medea. But this is never shown. So what was the point of it all? We're left with two hours of whooped-up stasis.

Mercouri provides some chills in the *Medea* scenes, where she controls a long cumulative line I would not have expected in her. I can't stand her in her sex-pot scenes, but—as she certainly wants us to believe—I'm in a minority. Ellen Burstyn gives an intelligently wrought performance as the religiously fanatic murdering mother, and Andreas Voutsinas, who used to be active in the New York theater, incises well as the director. Lots of Greek sunlight, lots of Athens, lots of purportedly pregnant "backstage" talk. But the title is too apt: the passion that Dassin is after remains a dream.

In US films this fall, it's merry mayhem time. This is not a novel subject: comedy and killing go together like ham and eggs. (*Arsenic and Old Lace* is a very long way from the first.) But this season it's really in style. A few weeks ago I noted a dud called *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?* Since then I've seen three more haha-and-homicides, one entertaining, one almost so, and one—the biggest hit—abominable.

Somebody Killed Her Husband (Columbia) was a good kick in the snobbery for me. I avoided press screenings because it stars Farrah Fawcett-Majors, and it sounded like an exploitation flick. More of that hair and those teeth. I went at last because it had two actors I wanted to see: John Wood, the veteran who turned out to have a small part, well turned, and John Glover, a young actor who had a big part, well turned. But FF-M, hair and teeth and all, was chief among some pleasant surprises. She is modestly ingratiating—no Mercouri sex sell at all—and as an actress she is certainly up to everything that is asked of her here. Her voice is pinched, but her conviction and personality are not.

The script by Reginald Rose, one of the heavier ingots of TV's Golden Age, has bright dialogue and makes the basic gearshift, from comedy-romance to comedy-murder. (A better segue than the one in Wood's record collection, where the music slides straight from Isolde's *Rache* narrative into *The Flying Dutchman*.) Rose is helped greatly by the falling-in-love of FF-M, the unhappy wife of a rich young executive, and Jeff Bridges, a Macy's toy clerk who writes at night. I was so taken with them and their feeling for each other that I

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Ingmar Bergman at his near-best. A daughter and mother (Liv Ullmann and Ingrid Bergman) meet after seven years and flay open their lives. Excellent.

Girlfriends. Modest, truthful handling of cliche situation: young New York woman facing freedom. Claudia Weill's first, and welcome.

Go Tell the Spartans. Hard to find but worth looking for. Vietnam, 1964. Not free of "movie" touches but has some guts.

Heaven Can Wait. Oh, well, all right. Warren Beatty's re-make of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* A time-passer.

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accepted the subsequent killings and their reactions to them just to stay in their company. This meant accepting the old film convention that ordinary people know how to behave when they get trapped in criminal situations. (*The 39 Steps*, and how many others?) It was worth the slight hitch: there was enough fun to follow, despite the ending in Macy's cellar with lots of grotesque giants left over from the Thanksgiving Day parade. That device—getting scares from inanimate figures—ought to be allowed a nice long rest.

Lamont Johnson directed imperceptibly—which is one good way.

Two characteristics of *Husband* are also in *The Big Fix*. The hero is given banter with which to handle emotion—to package it, really. And he is also given small children to deal with, as an oblique way of showing his emotional warmth. In this case he is also given Susan Anspach as a girl friend, which doesn't seem quite fair. She is one more of several actresses, on stage and screen, who seems to trade on the implication that they are hell in the hay in their private lives. One Mercouri is enough, and at least Mercouri does have some talent.

That hero is Richard Dreyfuss, who is making a career out of being the prototypical boy friend of the prototypical female reader of *New York*. He is, or wants to be, effortlessly hip; courageous if there's no chance for cowardice; materialistic but a bit rueful about it; attractive without the vulgarity of glamor. Dreyfuss plays a Jewish private eye in L.A., who was active in the 1960s radical movement and who weeps now at newsreels of those days.

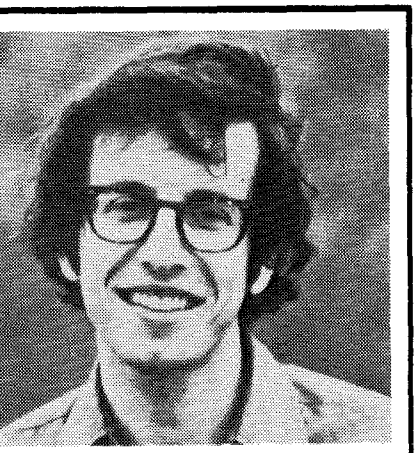
The picture labors under routine L.A. satire—transcendental movements, plastic high life—but its interest, other than Dreyfuss's topsy-turvy dash, is that the plot is worked out through the present-day relics of the 1960s. Nothing really serious: it's just a new atmosphere for a mystery. I didn't follow all the plot twists in Roger L. Simon's script (from his own novel) and I didn't believe all that I followed ("believe" being a relative term), but, though I walked out a bit unclear about that plot, I had sat there without tedium. Jeremy Paul Kagan, a new director, seems less at ease than Lamont Johnson: overhead shots, shots through venetian blinds, details of people getting into cars and starting off that could have been cut. Still the picture makes something of its topical setting.

Foul Play is awful, except for Goldie Hawn who satisfies every healthy male's perverse instincts by providing little-girl appeal in a woman's body. The dialogue by Colin Higgins, who also directed, is stupefyingly banal, and the script is full of imitation and hokum. Imitation: an assassination plot out of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*; a wild auto ride through San Francisco out of *Bullitt*. Hokum: Hawn, whose life has been threatened, gets a message from a detective to meet him at a certain address. She goes there and finds that it's a massage parlor in a grotty neighborhood, yet she walks in—to a trap.

Chevy Chase is a detective hero, carrying ease virtually to the point of invisibility. What else? Oh, yes. Karate fans who have been anxious to see a match between Rachel Roberts and Burgess Meredith won't want to miss this picture.

Texas in Sinai

"Sinai Field Mission" (Zipporah Films, Boston) is the cool and neutral title of Frederick Wiseman's latest documentary movie, broadcast this month over National Educational Television, and to be distributed nationally as a 16-mm film. Just at the moment when—if nothing goes off the track—the Israelis are about to start handing the whole Sinai Peninsula back to the Egyptians, this program gives Americans a look inside one of the US surveillance stations in the desert. It will be remembered that these outposts were put in place after the Sinai II agreement in 1975, ostensibly to help the Israelis and Egyptians monitor each others' troop movements and forestall sneak attacks. They may be phased out—but perhaps not forgotten—under terms



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worked out at Camp David. More likely, they will be moved elsewhere and proliferate as the Sinai arrangements take effect. The no longer novel notion of Americans, flying the Stars and Stripes, sitting on the ground in the Middle East, keeping the peace between Jews and Arabs, may well pop up again someday soon, in negotiations over the Golan Heights and the West Bank.

The viewer of "Sinai Field Mission" is offered absolutely no hint what Wiseman thinks of such close American involvement, nor of the people he is photographing, who have signed on at fancy salaries to brave boredom in the wilderness. This deadpan neutrality is doubtless intentional, characteristically Wiseman's style. His camera eye is so dispassionate, the cutting is so strictly impersonal, that we may conclude only that Wiseman believed the bare subject could make a movie. To sit through two hours of "Sinai Field Mission" is to be treated to a convincing demonstration that a documentary on a dramatic subject can be undramatic to the point of austerity. This is commendable. Yet by cleaving so faithfully to his chosen style, Wiseman may have sacrificed as much in depth and information as he has gained aesthetically.

"Sinai Field Mission" is devoid of narration, obtrusive or otherwise. Furthermore, with the exception of a couple of "talking heads"—the commanders of the base solemnly exlaining their mandate and their work—Wiseman has also shunned interviews. One of the consequences is that too much may be left to the imagination. For example, we are never told, we never learn, that the men and women who have signed with a Dallas security company to come out to the Sinai under sub-contract to the State Department, are paid $30 thousand a year over and above their room and board and all the Tuborg they can drink. It takes a fairly quick eye to note, during a poker game coolly recorded by Wiseman, that a single hand is worth a heap of mint-fresh 20-dollar bills. Are these Texans sitting in the Gidi Pass strictly for the money? From Wiseman's report, it is very hard if not impossible to venture a guess. However, it stands to reason that money can't be the only motive. Idealism, the adventurous spirit, problems back home, must enter into the decision to volunteer—again, we are mainly left to guess, mostly on the basis of intuition. One of the commandants congratulates the assembled personnel in a cowboy accent: "I'm very proud of you all . . . you stuck it out while the others dropped by the road." We sense that, whatever their motives, the Sinai takes its toll on these civilians, cooped up as if on a submarine and obliged to be pleasant and equitable at all times to the Egyptian and Israeli liaison officers. But Wiseman studiously avoids personalities; he fails to show, much less follow, anyone cracking under the strain.

The nearest he comes is a Saturday night beer binge. The country rock blasts from the juke box, and the previously conscientious, clean-cut, mild-mannered peace operatives, guzzling beer and whisky out of a cowboy boot like fraternity brothers at the University of Texas, are transformed into a yelping crowd whose collective good humor has a dangerous edge. Next morning, Wiseman films the very low-key commanding officer as he orders an investigation of the broken glass and furniture, and issues letters of reprimand. The viewer with a bit of a memory is reminded of two of the faces that America turned to Vietnam: that of the earnest, innocent, sweetly reasonable reformer, bearing progress and technology, and that of the baffled gun-slinger with murder in his eye. The Texans in the Sinai carry small arms, and we may infer that like nearly everyone else they have been taught some kind of modest lesson about pride, proportion and possibility by the rumor of the Vietnam War—if indeed some of them did not learn it first-hand. Nevertheless, although Wiseman leaves this entirely implicit, the faces and the lingo of some of these well-paid volunteers are reminiscent of those AID personnel who first stepped off the plane in Saigon 20 years ago.

So far, American involvement on the ground between Israelis and Egyptians has not cost any casualties American, Israeli or Egyptian. It has gone well, bringing each side what it wished, including for the US an even greater measure of control over both antagonists. It may be true that this token group of Texans has done its small part to make a separate Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty possible, and if so, it has done blessed work. It has, so far, been an unusually uneventful, and therefore happy story. It is not over, however. As is well known, even if Sadat and Begin sign a peace treaty with Jimmy Carter presiding on Christmas Eve, this will still leave to be resolved the matter of the Palestinians and the recognition of the Jewish state by the other Arab countries. Great success on the Sinai front might foster ideas of troop disengagements and American surveillance stations in the populated confines of the Golan Heights and the West Bank, and that is where the story might turn ugly, not so successful, costly in American blood. "There will be more of these types of peace-keeping missions," the Sinai commander predicts to his people. Perhaps the prime virtue of Wiseman's stark and noncommittal documentary is that it suggests a sense of uncertainty about whether, under different conditions, in a terrain not quite so lonely and bleak, with Arabs less willing to live side-by-side with Israelis the peace would or could be kept as happily.

Edward Grossman

Edward Grossman is an American writer living in Jerusalem.

The Novelists

Richard Yates

A Good School (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence; $8.95), Richard Yates's sixth book, is a short novel that reads as swiftly as a stolen diary. That is nearly what it is: the annals of Dorset Academy, a prep school, during its expiring years in the early 1940s. The point of view rotates among many characters, but a protagonist gradually emerges—William Grove:

a gangling, dreary-looking boy of about fifteen . . . a mess. His tweed suit hung greasy with lack of cleaning, his necktie was a twisted rag, his long fingernails were blue, and he needed a haircut. He seemed in danger of stumbling over his own legs.

The Foreword and Afterword imply that the novel is largely autobiographical, and it is this unappetizing figure

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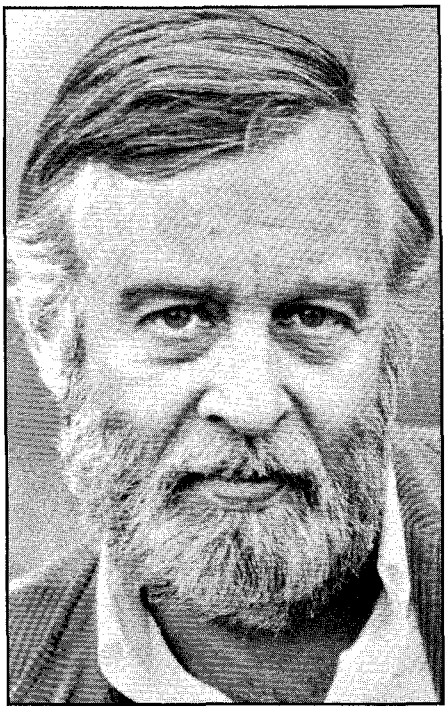

Richard Yates photo by Jill Krementz

whom we are meant to associate with the author. He bears, with no grace whatever, the stigmata of sparse pubic hair, naive rhetoric, and a crummy wardrobe. But William Grove endures. Surviving every form of boarding-school barbarism, he passes through apprenticeships social and literary, stumbling indeed, but always toward maturity. It is an impressive passage to witness, and its terminus is unmistakably marked. *A Good School* ends with Dorset Academy going out of business, as America and the Dorset boys wade into World War II.

The least mannered of fiction writers, Yates nevertheless writes more like himself with every book. The eye and ear through which we know *A Good School* are his gifts alone. Even in its materials and theme, the new novel is essential Yates, as a reconsideration of his earlier books shows. At the same time, its shows a body of work that we have not, I think, adequately valued.

From the start, Yates was more highly acclaimed than widely known. "If more is needed to make a masterpiece in modern American fiction," said Tennessee Williams of Yates's first novel, *Revolutionary Road* (1961), "I am sure I don't know what it is." William Styron called it "A deft, ironic, beautiful novel that deserves to be a classic." Other comments were in the same annunciatory, prophetic vein, quite distinct in tone from the usual panting superlatives of jacket copy; yet many readers will be seeing the title here for the first time. *Revolutionary Road* is the story of Frank Wheeler, sales promoter, who destroys his world by fraudulently promoting himself. His undoing is a harrowing drama, and, for relief, there are some of the funniest scenes ever written about the world of business.

Yates's second book, *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* (1962), consists of eleven stories, and certainly stands at the pinnacle of its genre. To say that the characters include schoolboys in the third grade, playboys on the Riviera and veterans in a TB ward only begins to suggest the variety of wealth that is here. One reviewer called these stories "equal to Hemingway's *In Our Time*," praise none too high—four of the stories, "The Best of Everything," "A Really Good Jazz Piano," "Out with the Old," and "Builders," are incomparable—but the book has had to be rescued from oblivion by a reprint house, Greenwood Press. This is Yates's only collection to date; his recent return to short fiction offers hope that another may appear soon.

A Special Providence (1969), *Disturbing the Peace* (1975), and *The Easter Parade* (1976)—all greeted more warmly in reviews than in bookstores—have as their respective subjects a boy's entry into manhood; a man's loss of his sanity; a woman's loss of man after man and finally of everything. None of these novels is as long, or in some ways as large, as *Revolutionary Road*. But each has virtues special to it, and all three ring beautifully true. Now, with *A Good School*, we have a body of fiction as excellent as a living writer has given us.

Like a great jigsaw puzzle, the territory of Yates's work knits together as it expands. Certain experiences have emerged as central to his fiction—World War II and its scars; growing up with a bohemian mother divorced from a plodding father; prep school education; a stifling job in public relations or advertising or sales; physical and mental illness. Increasingly, too, the books are moored one to another by the threads of shared particulars—persons, places, events. The "good school" itself, Dorset Academy, is drawn from the same model as the "Good New-England Prep School" of *A Special Providence*.

A Good School is a novel of education; and the attainment of understanding—the struggle against illusion—is a recurrent motif in Yates. The educations of his characters are diverse. *A Special Providence* takes as its school the military, where the hero serves an apprenticeship—even his name is Prentice—that changes him from boy to

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man. It is Prentice's romantic error to blame himself for the death of a buddy, John Quint; he can't admit his helplessness to atone for it. ("Dear Mr. and Mrs. Quint," he thinks of writing, "I want you to know that I feel personally responsible for the death of your son . . . Dear Mr. and Mrs. Quint: I want you to know that John was the finest man I have ever. . .") But late in the novel he imagines the dead Quint demanding, "Do you think everything's going to work out the way it does in the movies?" Prentice realizes that it won't, that he can't make it—and that this limits his responsibility. Simply saving himself is a difficult, a sufficient, and even an ennobling task.

BOOKS BY RICHARD YATES

Revolutionary Road
(Greenwood; $13.50)

Eleven Kinds of Loneliness
(Greenwood; $11.75)

A Special Kind of Providence
(Knopf; $5.95)

Disturbing the Peace
(Delacorte; $7.95)

Easter Parade
(Dell; $1.95)

A Good School
(Delacorte; $8.95)

The same task confronts McIntyre, protagonist of the story "Out with the Old," whose only victory can lie in the recognition of defeat. The action of the story culminates on New Year's Eve. "The Old" that McIntyre sees he must leave is ordinary life itself; "the New" to which he graduates is the constricted world of an institutionalized invalid. Pitiful as a struggler, McIntyre becomes piteous in his enlightened acceptance.

However painfully, both Prentice and McIntyre learn, as William Grove has begun to learn, how to live with themselves. Not everyone in Yates can do that. John Wilder, protagonist of *Disturbing the Peace*—alcoholic, adulterer, ad man, madman—becomes more deeply mired in illusion the more he searches. Not all his frantic motion—from east coast to west, wife to mistress, bar to bar; into and out of Alcoholics Anonymous, psychotherapy, mental hospitals—brings him understanding. He goes so far as to make a movie about a week he spent locked in Bellevue, then goes to Hollywood to sell it. Appropriately, it is there that insanity swallows him whole.

What makes any Yates novel or story—practically any page—recognizable at once? Grossly described, the books sound ordinary enough. In general, they are set in America a few years or decades ago; they are narrated in the third person with apparent artlessness; they concern such well-used matters as growing up, family relations, ambition in love, and the search for the good life. Nobody is murdered, or is elected to public office, or inherits great wealth. The people in Yates are frail rather than strong and good, and at some level they know it—thus John Wilder feels akin not to the beautiful Kennedy but to the wretched Oswald, the Oswald who "had spoken for weakness, for neurasthenic darkness, for struggle without hope and for the self-defeating passions of ignorance." But Yates's characters themselves commit no great crimes, any more than they perform great deeds. They are persistently unremarkable.

Yet always interesting, for Yates has the power to find importance in even the homeliest of acts. Consider this from *Revolutionary Road:*

> *Sheppard Sears Campbell loved to shine his shoes. It was a love he had learned in the army (he was a veteran of three campaigns with a famous airborne division) and even now, though civilian cordovans were far less rewarding that the heavy jump boots of the old days, the acrid smell and crouching vigor of the job held rich associations of esprit de corps. He sang a kind of old time, big-band swing while he did it, alternating the husky lyrics with a squint-eyed, loose-lipped sound—Buddappa banh! Banh! Banh!"—to simulate the brass section, and now and then he would pause to take a swig from the can of beer that stood on the floor beside him.*

Perhaps primarily, it is this skill in mining the commonplace, forever turning up marks of character and mainsprings of plot, that distinguishes Yates. Few other writers dare trust themselves for so long with everyday life, unrelieved by thrilling action, clamant sex, or shocking Gothic twists.

Yates's readers have come, too, to recognize his distinctive voice. His characters speak colloquially, saying things like "No, but I mean listen a second," and "I'm making a suggestion, is all." His narrative combines easy sweep with close observation, relying often on swift parenthetical forays and, most typically of all, rhetorical questioning in the mind of the viewpoint character. For instance, Frank Wheeler in *Revolutionary Road,* his head full of a pretty typist:

> *Why not? Hadn't she given him every possible encouragement for months? Undulating past him in the aisle like that, bending close over his desk to hand him a folder, smiling in a special, oblique way that he'd never seen her use on anyone else? And that time at the Christmas party (he could still remember the taste of her mouth) hadn't she trembled in his arms, and hadn't she whispered, "You're sweet"?*
>
> *Why not? Oh, not in the mail room or the freight elevator, but didn't she probably have an apartment somewhere, with a roommate, and wouldn't the roommate probably be out all day?*

As a master of transparent style, Yates generally lets his characters reveal themselves by what they say and do. There are pungent observations in plenty, but they are left for the characters to make—for instance McCabe, in the story "A Wrestler with Sharks," who describes someone's eyes as "not so much piercing as anxious to pierce." The narrative voice does, however, enjoy telling us the characters' quirks of speech. These are reported without comment but with trenchant critical effect. A graduate student in *The Easter Parade* is caught "using words like 'tangential' and 'reductive'"; John Wilder's wife, in *Disturbing the Peace,* grows smaller when we are told that her favorite words include "comfortable," "civilized," "reasonable," "adjustment," and "relationship"; and one poor nobody in *A Special Providence* is forever damned with the observation that she "liked to use words like *'simpatico.'*"

Yates's creative instincts owe much to tradition, little to fashion. In an age embarrassed by story-telling, half-persuaded by chic critics that fiction should repel innocent belief, he tells stories we believe. In a time when experiment with language is more highly valued than skill with it, he experiments no more than fish do with swimming. In a genre that looks farther and farther afield for subjects, he tills the same fertile kitchen garden over and over.

He dares, even, to be clear. The risk here, of course, is that perspicuity can create a misleading illusion of

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shallowness, such as one experiences in a glass-bottom boat—the lakebed looks close enough to touch. We rather expect our serious novelists to be murky. (As another lucid novelist, Swift, observed, many a well—like many a writer—passes "for wondrous Deep, upon no wiser a Reason than because it is wonderous *Dark*.")

But what chiefly makes Yates so rewarding to read, I think, is what might best be called, in an old-fashioned word, his justness. None of his characters is more or less than human. With tenderness and irony as mutual correctives, he makes a compassionate advocate, but one who painfully admits justice in the fates—often disastrous—that his people earn for themselves. Emotion is kept honest. As Shep Campbell thinks at the end of *Revolutionary Road*,

> *The whole point of crying was to quit before you cornied it up. The whole point of grief itself was to cut it out while it was still honest, while it still meant something. Because the thing was so easily corrupted; let yourself go and you started embellishing your own sobs. . .*

And John Wilder, in *Disturbing the Peace*, makes the point an artistic one: "The secret of any entertainer is knowing when to stop."

Above all, Yates is unembarrassedly sane. This in itself is courageous, not just psychologically but also artistically. Writers do very well to be alienated, traumatized, existentially anxious, doubters of reality in a schizophrenic world. But the fictions that these stances permit are, if not false, surely superficial. As John W. Aldridge has written, "fantasy and dislocation are where we begin, what we all take for granted and need no special instruction to see; while it is the job of fiction to carry us beyond or beneath to where *it* begins—a place which perhaps we can never really recognize until we are led there by a major imagination." In Yates, we do recognize that nearly forgotten place, and, in that place, our suddenly remembered selves.

Jonathan Penner

Jonathan Penner, author of the novel *Going Blind*, teaches fiction writing at the University of Arizona.

Books Considered

The Stories of John Cheever

(Knopf; $15.00)

John Cheever has been publishing his short stories for over 30 years now, and he has gradually spread before us a landscape so solid and believable that the average American reader could almost draw a map of Shady Hill, Bullet Park, or St. Botolphs. We know intimately the Cheever hero—an unassuming man whose innocence and optimism often give him the appearance of someone much younger. And we know the basis of most Cheever plots: a subtle tension between what Cheever calls the "facts" (the moral ugliness, or at best the irrationality, of the real world) and the "truth," which is the underlying goodness and order in which the hero places an abiding faith.

But we tend to remember only this second, gentler side, when recalling Cheever's stories from a distance. What stays with us is the suburban husband who kindly invites a plain woman to dance to the piped-in cha-cha in the supermarket; the come-as-you-wish-you-were party where all the wives show up in their old wedding gowns and all the husbands in their old football uniforms; and the passing train window in which sits "an unclothed woman of exceptional beauty, combing her golden hair." We have an impression of a sort of tapestry, richly woven, stylized, eerily still—if you can imagine a tapestry that depicts barbecue grills and power lawnmowers, and chlorinated swimming pools.

This new volume is a collection of 61 stories, chronologically arranged, covering the years from 1947 to 1978. All but four of them have been published in book form previously. You'd think there would be no surprises, therefore, but for some reason the effect of such a mass of writing—almost 700 pages, hours and days of reading—is to heighten that tension between the "facts" and the "truth." The darker side of the world seems to stand out more distinctly; the main characters' stubborn hopefulness seems more desperate.

In "Goodbye, My Brother," the easy-going narrator is troubled by his niggardly, small-minded brother, a man who is constitutionally unable to enjoy himself. This brother arrives at a family vacation to point out that their mother drinks too much, that the other relatives are foolish or dishonest, that the family has squandered its money in a pathetic quest for earlier and happier times, and that the house is falling into the sea. In a sense, all this is true—but not really, not in any way that matters. We leave the story feeling satisfied that the brother is wrong, the family right, and that a certain kind of squandering is a sign of an open heart. However, several of the pieces that follow appear to argue for the brother's jaded viewpoint: characters are self-centered, self-indulgent, hypocritical. This quality in Cheever's stories neither intensifies

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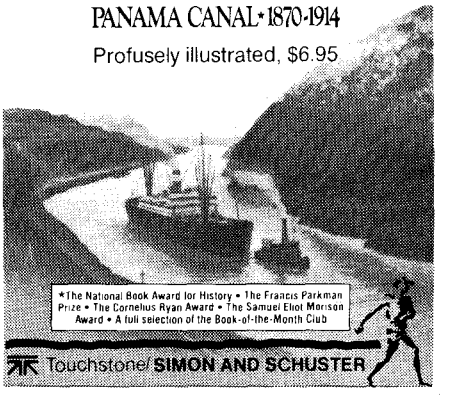
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nor vanishes, over the years, but merely surfaces spasmodically, and then for a time is shoved out of sight again.

"Feel that refreshing breeze!" cries the mother of a quarreling family in "The Jewels of the Cabots"—but there is no breeze; this is just her habitual method of changing the subject, denying the unpleasantness of the quarrel. A man recognizes a woman whom he last saw being publicly stripped and humiliated in Normandy just after the war; but now she is a maid passing drinks at a tranquil dinner party and so of course he says nothing. And "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill" pulls himself out of a devastating depression in a single, wonderful paragraph, but for reasons so tenuous and fragile that to quote the paragraph here, out of context, would diminish it—and how long, therefore, will it halt the housebreaker on his downward path? There is the feeling of a breath held, of something teetering in the balance. Reading *The Stories of John Cheever* is not the patchwork experience that you might expect; it's more like reading a novel, being tugged along by a gathering sense of suspense. Ultimately, which way will the scales tip?

What determines the way an individual story will tip, at least, is the writing style. Some of these stories are written from outside. They're summarized, really, in a cool, often ironic tone of voice: names, dates, events—facts. In "The Enormous Radio," a malfunctioning radio broadcasts the sordid secrets of neighboring apartments. In "The Five-Forty-Eight," a man seduces and then fires a lonely secretary who needs only one more nudge to push her over the edge into madness. These two stories—although as well-crafted as all Cheever's stories—leave us feeling embittered and defeated.

> *. . . My wife and I are terribly unhappy together, but we have three beautiful children, and we try to keep things going. I do what I have to do, like everyone else, and one of the things I have to do is to serve my wife breakfast in bed. I try to fix her a nice breakfast, because this sometimes improves her disposition, which is generally terrible. One morning not long ago, when I brought her a tray she clapped her hands to her face and began to cry. I looked at the tray to see if there was anything wrong. It was a nice breakfast—two hard-boiled eggs, a piece of Danish, and a Coca-Cola spiked with gin. That's what she likes. I've never learned to cook bacon. The eggs looked all right and the dishes were clean, so I asked her what was the matter. She lifted her hands from her eyes—her face was wet with tears and her eyes were haggard—and said, in the Boysen-family accent, "I cannot any longer endure being served breakfast in bed by a hairy man in his underwear."*
>
> —from "The Chimera"
> *The Stories of John Cheever*

But the stories written from *inside*—where events sometimes equally bleak are alchemized by the peculiarly sunny vision of the narrator—carry a kind of luminous quality that transcends the plot. Men in these stories have an endearing habit of viewing the commonplace as something mythical, and of endlessly forgiving the world its banality and frustrations. When a wife delays her husband's advances in order to launder some blankets, accidentally blowing a fuse and flooding the kitchen floor in the process, her husband reflects that, after all, she "merely meant to be elusive . . . she had wanted, like any nymph, to run through the bosky—dappled her back, the water flashing at her feet—and being short-winded these days, and there being no bosky, she had been reduced to putting blankets into a washing machine." A spinster's butter-fingered awkwardness is not awkwardness at all, but a "nearly sacred call to restate the pathos and clumsiness of mankind." And the service stations, abandoned miniature golf courses, and auto dumps of the American landscape "are not, as they might seem to be, the ruins of our civilization, but are the temporary encampments and outposts of the civilization that we—you and I—shall build."

The fact that there is a comic note in some characters' voices does not lessen their ability to move us. There may be something ridiculous about their positions—they may live in a district where death is against the zoning laws, they may wear rayon pajama tops printed with pictures of the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, and the *Santa Maria*—but that in no way lightens their grief at the passage of time, or their bewilderment in the face of a centrifugal force that seems to be throwing them "further and further away from one's purest memories and ambitions."

In "The Bella Lingua," a woman who has lived in Italy for years has an argument with her adolescent son, who wants to go back to America. He's homesick, he tells her.

> *"Homesickness is nothing," she said angrily. "It is absolutely nothing. Fifty per cent of the people in the world are homesick all the time. But I don't suppose you're old enough to understand. When you're in one place and long to be in another, it isn't as simple as taking a boat. You don't really long for another country. You long for something in yourself that you don't have, or haven't been able to find."*

When you finish reading about this woman, who proceeds so steadily and matter-of-factly through her off-center life, you find it difficult to believe that it was merely a "short" story. She seems to unfold across days of time. In fact, many of these stories have a way of flowing beyond their narrow limits; they unfurl, like magicians' colored scarves, from a very small space. "The Day the Pig Fell into the Well" and "The Lowboy"—two family-centered stories—present us with such a wealth of ancestors, traditions, ancient scandals and jokes and sorrows, that they're more like two massive family chronicles.

In his preface, Cheever remarks upon the fact that these stories, like many of his heroes, have been affected by the passage of time. Certainly some of their social customs are curiosities today, where once they were a matter of course; and what was meant to be an indication of one's particular class now seems a comment on an era. (For instance, a mark of a young wife's losing battle with poverty is that she's forced to take care of her own baby.) But in Cheever's stories, as in no others that come to mind, this sense of datedness works to their advantage. It gives an added poignancy to already poignant characters; it makes even more surreal the bewildering scenery of

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their lives—the fogged steamships on which they float off to Europe, the upper-class beaches where the Bishop of Pittsburgh drifts by in an inner tube.

This is not a complete anthology. Cheever has omitted some of those stories which he feels are immature, and in his preface he refers to the naivete and clumsiness of others he has included. But you have to take the preface with a grain of salt, for it's on the very next page that "Goodbye, My Brother" begins. ("We are a family that has always been very close in spirit . . .") It's there already—a tone so grave and pure that we're instantly reassured. John Cheever is a magnificent storyteller, and this is a dazzling and powerful book.

Anne Tyler

Anne Tyler, the novelist, lives in Baltimore. Her latest novel, *Earthly Possessions*, is published by Knopf.

Seven Days A Week: Women and Domestic Service in Industrializing America by David Katzman

(Oxford University Press; $14.95)

David Katzman's history of the female domestic worker in the United States, from the Irish "biddy" of the 19th century to the black "cleaning lady" of the 20th, reveals an ugly side of the American household. His *Seven Days a Week* takes us downstairs to view the shabby servants' quarters and ill-equipped kitchens, overworked servants and temperamental mistresses, that made domestic service about the worst job in America. Working from census and survey data, magazine articles, and letters and diaries of mistresses and servants, Katzman covers the period between the Civil War and World War I, a time when industrialization transformed the working lives of most Americans, but when live-in maids continued to serve middle- and upper-class households just as they had for centuries.

In 1870, when Katzman's history begins, half of all working women were household servants or washerwomen. Although housework itself was scarcely affected by industrialization, new jobs in factories and shops began to draw domestics out of the home to work they considered both more exciting and more respectable. By 1920, less than a fifth of all working women were domestics.

But at the turn of the century, the typical domestic servant in the cities of the North and West was a young immigrant in her early teens whose family could no longer support her. Especially for recent arrivals, housework promised an easy way to absorb the customs of a new country, though often at the cost of a rude separation from their family background. For most of these women, domestic service would be temporary: work in another woman's household offered a safe home during their adolescent years before marriage.

In the South things were different. Here blacks were barred from nearly every other kind of work and formed, Katzman says, "a permanent service caste." A black woman entering domestic service in her early teens could expect to remain in the work for life. Marriage, at least, promised no release, for the job market for her husband was even tighter than it was for her.

Wherever the domestic servant worked, she worked hard, as many as 13 to 18 hours a day, seven days a week. She would be up at four in the morning to get a head start on the ironing, and work steadily through till dinner cleaning, polishing, baking, marketing, laundering, lighting fires, and preparing, serving, and cleaning up after meals. And her day rarely ended with the dinner dishes; for most of the evening the live-in maid was "on call."

And most servants did live in. There was no getting away from the work or from the mistress who could easily take advantage of her maid by stretching work hours or allowing time off only as a reward. As one servant complained,

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domestics could never "work all day and be done with it." Domestic workers were denied what every other worker in industrial America had come to expect: free time and a home of one's own.

So the live-in domestic became a kind of social outcast. Though many families imagined they offered their servants a substitute home, even the kindest families never managed to lift the social barrier between servant and employer. Most mistresses allowed their servants to entertain only in their kitchens (servants' quarters were off limits), and even this was discouraged. In such reduced circumstances, servants' morale flagged and they found themselves drifting away from their family and friends. As one woman who took up domestic service after her father's death wrote: "I can't see any of my friends. I'm ashamed to tell them where I am."

Behind every one of the domestic worker's problems—long hours, hard labor, and isolation—was the relationship between mistress and servant. Although recent feminist studies have argued that women were attracted to domestic work because of the intimate woman-to-woman relationship they might develop, Katzman shows that in reality "the ties of womanhood and sisterhood were hardly noticeable" between the two women of the house. On the contrary, most servants resented the white caps and aprons they were made to wear as badges of servitude, and bridled when mistresses called them by their given names from the first day of work. In an era when womanhood was equated with fragility, mistresses who worked their female servants 18 hours a day obviously did not think of them as sisters.

Katzman explains this double standard by saying that most women in turn-of-the-century America were unfamiliar with playing boss. Many mistresses felt uncomfortable with the role, and a belief in the inferiority of the servant class "seemed to affirm, at least for the mistress, why one woman was in a position of authority over the other." Also, says Katzman, for many members of the middle class the acquisition of a maid was a symbol of having made it. By lording it over their servants, the homeowning couple truly felt like master and mistress.

Katzman is right in singling out as the source of servant problems the mistress-servant relationship. But he runs into trouble when he tries to say exactly what was wrong with it. He states repeatedly that mistress-servant relations turned abusive because they were "highly personalized"—but just what he means by this is never made clear. Of course mistress and servant lived in extraordinarily close quarters, and maids took orders from mistresses in person. But aside from that, there is very little evidence that mistresses treated servants in a *personal* way. In fact, as Katzman's own material shows, servants complained time and again that they weren't treated as "human beings." Even when a mistress tried to befriend her maid, it was never with the view of making the maid her equal. The mistress-servant relationship Katzman describes in *Seven Days A Week* is not simply a personal relationship gone wrong, but rather a relationship that was never truly "personalized" at all. The domestic servant is descended from the feudal serf: an object, chattel, anything but a person.

And surely Katzman doesn't think depersonalization is the answer to the servant's problems. Admittedly factory workers at the turn of the century enjoyed greater independence than domestic workers, but how much did they enjoy their depersonalized work?

But even if Katzman is occasionally short-sighted in his analysis, *Seven Days a Week* gives a thorough account of a way of life that has all but disappeared. Many of us hold unconscious assumptions—sentimental or prejudiced—about America's *Upstairs/Downstairs* era, and Katzman does a remarkable job of debunking every one of them. *Seven Days A Week* turns inside out our image of the turn-of-the-century household by forcing us to confront the feelings of the women who ran it from the kitchen and the laundryroom.

Megan Marshall

Megan Marshall is a freelance writer and editor.

Protest at Selma: Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Voting Rights Act of 1965
by David J. Garrow

(Yale University Press; $15.00)

"The vote is the most powerful instrument ever devised by man for breaking down injustice and destroying the terrible walls which imprison men because they are different from other men," declared President Lyndon B. Johnson when he signed the Voting Rights Act of 1965. All the participants in the bloody events at Selma, Alabama, which led up to that legislation, agreed with the president. "Voting is the foundation stone for political action," announced Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., for the civil rights demonstrators. "The basic elements so vital to Negro advancement can only be achieved by seeking redress from government at local, state and Federal levels. To do this the vote is essential." Clearly Sheriff James G. Clark, Jr., of Dallas County, the most conspicuous of the segregationists, shared King's views on the importance of the ballot; his words were few, but the electric cattle prods and the tear gas his posse used against civil rights activists had an eloquence of their own.

Rarely has there been an illusion so persistent and so demonstrably fallacious as this belief that the ballot is the key to social change. The experience of the first Reconstruction, after the Civil War, ought long ago to have killed that notion. For more than a generation historians of the Reconstruction have been showing how emphasis on voting rights for the freedmen distracted the attention of the victorious North from their more pressing needs, such as land, job-training, and education. Because blacks had no economic base, Southern whites could intimidate and harass them when they tried to vote, and, after Federal troops were withdrawn, could exclude them from the polls altogether.

Now, as the second Reconstruction

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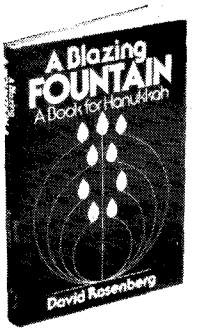
era draws to an end, it is discouraging to look back and see that same mistake has been made all over again. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 represents a high point in the crusade for civil liberties, but it also represents a diversion of energies to an unworkable approach that would ultimately weaken the whole civil rights movement. Just because that act is a turning point in history, it is good to have David J. Garrow's careful, factual account of how it came into being. For those of us who have forgotten, or were too young to remember, *Protest at Selma* provides a day-by-day account of events in that remote segregated Alabama town during the first three months of the year as blacks organized, tried first to register at the county courthouse, and then planned a march of protest to the capital at Montgomery. When their unarmed column began to cross Pettus Bridge on March 7, Sheriff Clark's posse, armed and on horseback, attacked with clubs, whips, and ropes. While the blacks huddled together on the bridge in prayer, they were barraged with tear gas, and the state troopers, wearing masks, waded through the group, flailing at heads with their nightsticks. "Unhuman," one witness termed their behavior. "An American tragedy" was what the president called it. The atrocity at Selma prodded a foot-dragging Congress into passing comprehensive legislation to protect blacks during registration and at the polls.

Protest at Selma is neither a colorful recreation of the events that led to the battle on the bridge nor a detailed legislative history of the Voting Rights Act. Instead, Garrow, a young political scientist at Duke University, is primarily concerned with testing a general theory about "the dynamics of protest activity." Following E.E. Schattschneider and Harvey Siefert, he believes that in a confrontation like the one at Selma the historian's focus should be on neither of the protagonists but on the third party, the observing public, which in this instance consisted of the millions who watched the tragedy on television. It was this public, through its representatives in the Congress, that translated outrage over Selma into outlawing racial discrimination in voting.

At times, however, Garrow pushes his theory too far. Convinced that the public response to a protest movement is all-important, he has persuaded himself that the creation of the desired response was the chief purpose of the



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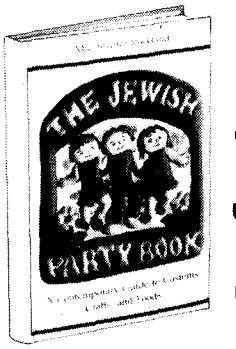

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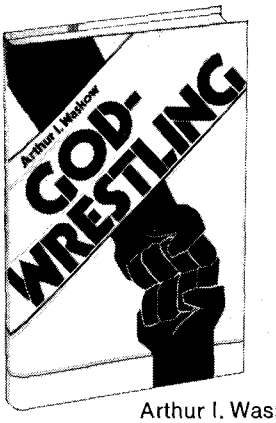

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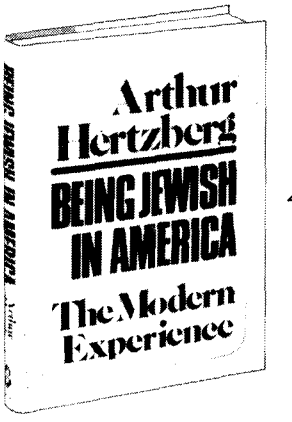

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protesters. Specifically he charges that King and the other spokesmen of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in the Selma campaign tacitly abandoned their philosophy of "nonviolent *persuasion*," which had failed at Albany, Georgia, and had produced only limited success in Birmingham, in favor of "*coercive* nonviolence." King now sought, Garrow says, deliberately to create a confrontation, so that the largest possible public could witness racists of the most bigoted and brutal sort attacking nonresisting civil rights demonstrators. In short, King chose Selma because he knew in advance what Sheriff Clark would do to his followers.

It is, of course, conceivable that such was King's strategy, however out of keeping it was with everything else that he said or did. But Garrow's conclusion on this point must be received with skepticism. He is able to cite no public or private statements by King or other SCLC leaders to support his argument. Since the SCLC papers are closed and since Dr. King's personal papers were not available to him, Garrow has not made a judgment of King's motives at Selma on the basis of evidence but has deduced from his theory of reform movements what his motives must have been.

Despite this considerable flaw, *Protest at Selma* is a valuable book, because it is a reminder of both the heroism and the brutality displayed in the great civil rights crusade. Not even Garrow's pedestrian prose can kill the drama of such encounters as that between Sheriff Clark and Mrs. Annie Lee Cooper. After waiting for hours outside the courthouse at Selma in order to register, Mrs. Cooper was ordered to go home, and she lashed out at the sheriff with a punch that sent him reeling. Clark's officers seized her and threw her to the ground. "I wish you would hit me, you scum," she screamed. Whereupon, as John Herbers reported in the New York *Times*, the sheriff "brought his billyclub down on her head with a whack that was heard through the crowd gathered on the street." One could only wish that the outcome of Mrs. Cooper's struggle had been something more lasting and more valuable than the right to vote.

David Herbert Donald

David Herbert Donald, who is chairman of the American Civilization program at Harvard, is the author of the recently published *Liberty and Union* (Little, Brown).

"The Puritan" (1899) Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art

Cotton Mather: The Young Life of the Lord's Remembrancer, 1663-1703 by David Levin

(Harvard University Press; $16.50)

Puritanism has been in low repute with Americans—among the general public, at least—for almost a century now. The genesis of its decline antedates by four decades H.L. Mencken's memorable remark that a Puritan is a person with a lurking anxiety that somewhere, someone may be happy. It even antedates Mr. Dooley's long forgotten definition of Thanksgiving: "'Twas founded by th' Puritans to give thanks f'r bein' presarved fr'm th' Indyans, an' . . . we keep it to give thanks we are presarved fr'm the Puritans."

Cotton Mather may or may not have been the archetypal American Puritan; but surely his very name has become a synonym for all that must have been most gloomy in colonial New England: it calls to mind that chilling, forbidding figure sculpted by Augustus Saint-Gaudens in 1899, and austerely called The Puritan. Mather can be used—and has been used—as a kind of coded mantra for the repressed, the judgmental, the joyless and the perversely pietistic aspects of American life.

Who or what was the original flesh and blood figure? The son of Increase Mather and grandson of John Cotton as well as Richard Mather (founding scions of colonial New England and architects of its Congregational rule by the Saints), Cotton Mather was a learned prodigy, graduated from Harvard College at the age of 16, and ordained as pastor in Boston's prestigious Second Church at the age of 22. At 26 he became a revolutionary—playing a major role in the overthrow of that heinous Dominion of New England which had been imposed by King James II in 1686.

During the Salem Witchcraft trials, he become deeply involved as an examiner of accused witches; and he advocated harsh punishments for those found guilty of conspiring with the Devil. In 1703 Mather just missed being called to the presidency of Harvard. Blocked in that ambition by liberals, he helped establish Yale in order to perpetuate the orthodox Puritan heritage. Despite his apparent conservatism on theological issues, however, he had an inquiring mind and was especially open to scientific experimentation. Yet, centuries later to invoke his name is to invoke shudders. Indeed it would not be unfair to say that among all the major figures in our cultural history, Cotton Mather has been the least understood, the most grotesquely caricatured and harshly misused.

Even among literary scholars and cultural historians, who ever since the 1930s have been fascinated and *favorably impressed* by the intellectual rigor of Puritanism, Cotton Mather remained until very recently an unsympathetic figure. Writing in 1953 of the infamous witchcraft episode at Salem, Perry Miller proclaimed the following: "Samuel Eliot Morison says that Robert

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Calef tied a tin can to Cotton Mather which has rattled and banged through the pages of superficial and popular historians. My account is not popular, and I strive to make it not superficial . . . [but] the right can was tied to the proper tail, and through the pages of this volume it shall rattle and bang."

A few years ago, however, we began to get tremors of a shift in Cotton Mather's reputation. It started in 1971 when simultaneously Kenneth Silverman published a fat collection called *Selected Letters of Cotton Mather* (Louisiana State University Press) and Robert Middlekauff brought out his prize-winning *The Mathers: Three Generations of Puritan Intellectuals, 1596-1728* (Oxford University Press). In 1975, Sacvan Bercovitch produced *The Puritan Origins of the American Self* (Yale University Press), ostensibly an exegesis of Cotton Mather's biography of John Winthrop, but actually an extended analysis of the ways in which Puritan hermeneutics became transformed into American self-consciousness and symbolism. Just last year we finally got the first scholarly edition of Mather's great and massive work, the *Magnalia Christi Americana* (Harvard University Press).

Now, with the publication of David Levin's detailed study of Mather's first 40 years (I assume that a second volume on Mather from age 40 until his death at 65 is in the works), one might even say that a Mather "renaissance" is well underway, and though H.L. Mencken is probably squirming, if not actually rolling over in his grave, a Mather renaissance has to be applauded. He is an important figure in the shaping of our culture: important in the history of education and politics in America, but especially in the history of religion, science, and social thought.

David Levin's purpose in writing this book—begun 18 years ago—is best expressed in his own words: "my chief labor has been to re-create the character, to narrate his experience both spiritual and earthly, and to relate his personal experience and the political history of Massachusetts to his development as a writer, author of the best biographies and the grandest history written in America before the nineteenth century.'"

The result is that Levin successfully demystifies Mather: partially by the use of clear and graceful prose, partially through empathetic sensitivity to the man combined with a rich understanding of his times. This is very much a "life and times" biography; and, in my opinion, Levin has struck just the right balance between the necessary background and the very complicated figure in the foreground.

It is a work of mature scholarship precisely because Levin is able to locate Mather so deftly against the long-range development of political, literary and theological life in America. Let two examples suffice: "Mather's pious aspiration in the spring and summer of 1683 is much closer to the youthful resolution of Jonathan Edwards and to what Edwards later called the nature of true virtue, than to Franklin's bold project [of achieving moral perfection] or William Ellery Channing's version of 'Likeness to God.'" And in examining the tumultuous events of 1689, when Cotton served as the spokesman of New England's rebellion against Royal Authority, Levin treats the young Mather as a precursor of young Thomas Jefferson in 1776!

The essence of David Levin's achievement is that he manages to make Mather comprehensible to *us* without wrenching the subject out of his oh so different temporal setting. The author never doubts, for example, that Mather did see an angel because he recognizes that *belief* in the supernatural has certain behavioral and perceptual consequences. Nevertheless, Cotton Mather is *also* presented as a "modern" man—modern in what he knew and sought to know about society and the world of nature; quasi-modern in his perception of provincial politics and the imperatives of pastoral care.

If there is a fault in this fine book, it is that Levin strips away Mather's idiosyncrasies so extensively that we are left with a strangely thin and transparent figure—strangely so because some of the evidence that Levin himself cites suggests that our older version of a high-strung, compulsive, judgmental Cotton cannot have been so utterly wide of the mark. Levin's subject ceases to be a neurotic young prig, and is transformed instead into a sensuous, attractive, "sympathetic" person: a person who was more likely to extend sympathy and mercy than vengeance and condemnation to a convicted murderer in 1686. Mather's major flaw or vulnerability, it would seem, was merely "ill-tempered sensitivity to criticism."

To have made a positively benign figure of Cotton Mather is no small

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feat. Perhaps the pendulum is swinging too far in the other direction. Perhaps this is yet another example of revisionism carried to excess. Nonetheless, this is by far the most believable portrait of Cotton Mather that we have yet been given. It is not a portrait without warts; but there is, at last, no magnifying glass held to the warts *alone*. It is a judicious portrait drawn by an artist with a fine sense of perspective—a humane and historical and literary perspective. We should be grateful. I've no doubt that the shade of Cotton Mather is smiling—for the first time in centuries. Roll, Mencken, Roll.

Michael Kammen

Michael Kammen received the 1973 Pulitzer Prize in History for *People of Paradox: An Inquiry Concerning the Origins of American Civilization*. His new book, to be published by Knopf on October 27, is *A Season of Youth: The American Revolution and the Historical Imagination*.

Acting Out: Coping with Big City Schools by Roland Betts

(Little, Brown & Co; $8.95)

I have become convinced that there are people in the world—most of them with certain connections to New York—who engage in various experiences simply to collect material for books. So they teach, play ball, take a job, get a divorce, or have a child in order to write about "it." Or maybe they decide that should an experience go awry, they can always salvage it by writing a book. A little reportage, a little diary writing, a little participant observation, et voila, the inside look at, the personal statement, the how it felt to be. Bookstores, alas, are overrun with these books, some of them of a remarkably innocent quality. Many, however, are merely notebooks of catharsis and personal musing, with commercial gain as their only motive.

The problem, besides the economic one, is how to know whether the latest of the genre is worth reading, worth remembering. Furthermore, when the new book *seems* to fall not only within the genre but within a large subcategory of it, the question of choice is made even more difficult.

Roland Betts is one of the newer contributors to a considerable collection of books written by survivors of our public school systems. On the surface, one might suppose that *Acting Out* is of the I-did-it-for-a-few-years-so-now-I-can-write-about-it-and-not-do-it-anymore-variety. Betts taught and administered programs in the New York City public school system for ten years. He wrote about these schools, and then moved on to law school. He claims he misses the schools, the children, most of all the chaos and confusion and noise. Perhaps he genuinely does, one cannot say. But one can say with certainty that his former schools must miss him terribly, and if they don't, they should. For *Acting Out*, a work in the tradition established by Kohl, Kozol, Herndon, Barth, Kim Marshall, Holt and many more, is one of the finest literary responses to public school life (and death) I have ever read. It is done with irreverence and respect, which is no more paradoxical than the New York public schools themselves. An admirable introduction to what schools are like, *Acting Out* will also serve as an inspiration to those who might wish to try their hand at education (even if they only intend to do it long enough to collect material for a book).

Essentially what Betts has done is write short, smart chapters on a host of educational topics. No, I mislead; these are not educational topics. They are the stuff of the school experience: janitors, lunch times, play, gym, body odor, puberty, sex, bathrooms, halls, substitute teachers, assistant principals, guidance counsellors, paraprofessionals, teachers' contracts, unions, the language of children, the public address announcements, the clothes, the hair, the distractions, excursions, violence, truants. It is no mean feat to set down public school twelve-tone cacaphony in linear form, in the key of C no less, but Roland Betts has done it, and his effort amuses and dazzles, saddens and angers. Know his subject? The man has it in his blood.

Betts, moreover, realizes the significance of that all too overlooked word, "perspective." He knows one must at times stand back to get closer to that bizarre array of objects that constitute the "moving" life of a classroom portrait. He knows too that just as the human essence of teaching must be to avoid hurting anyone, so the essence of this brand of writing must be the telling of the truth, "no matter what the truth, teacher man!" One has first to live it, then step away from it to see again what one might have quit seeing.

Roland Betts is a bold writer, and in a way New York almost comes through as the hero of his rough and feisty stories. Certainly the New York public school bureaucracy, a grotesque and monumental machine eating up billions of dollars and no telling how many lives, is one of Betts's major concerns. How can genuine teaching go on, he wonders, when people are forced into the role of entertainers? How can education survive when all the children really want to do is take a trip, any trip that will get them out of their wretched school building? Is there really a way that American school children can be taught to have the enthusiasm for botany that they have for basketball?

Acting Out, without theory, without the familiar trappings of the academic inquiry, points at some of the crucial problems of this culture. We are struggling in New York City public schools because we are struggling in this culture. The culture has become intertwined with public school architecture, morality, mentality, humor, sexuality, achievement. We are without question a tough, angry, tempestuous lot, craving entertainment, excitement, action, maybe even war. Betts has captured these moods masterfully. Maybe he even wrote the book in a lugubrious corner of his basement out of a need to affirm his survival. Maybe too, we'd best not condemn his departure from public school employment. Maybe ten years is all any sensitive combatant can endure. Indeed, if there is a serious questioning of the tenure system, then perhaps the period of Roland Betts's life

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given over to New York schools provides a reasonable solution to the matter. Serve one decade, then write your book and move on. Then again, turnover has its bureaucratic as well as temperamental ramifications. Could the children tolerate such change, so many scenes of departure? But no, that's not the question "they" would ask. What *they'd* want to know is whether the *system* could tolerate constant transfusions of new blood.

My own thought is that schools need the Roland Bettses of the world, no matter how long they stay. The children need him, the culture needs him, for his courage, his sense of the truth, above all for his achievements and hard-earned intellectual gifts.

Tom Cottle

Tom Cottle is a lecturer in psychology at Harvard Medical School, and the author of *Busing* (Beacon Press).

Robin Winks on mysteries

Andras Goldinger

Murder Games
by Lionel Davidson
(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $8.95)

The Judas Goat
by Robert B. Parker
(Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)

Phoenix No More
by Edwin Gage
(Harper & Row; $8.95)

Death and the Maiden
by James K. MacDougall
(Bobbs-Merrill; $8.95)

Counterstroke
by Andrew Garve
(Crowell; $8.95)

The Case of the Russian Diplomat
by E. V. Cunningham
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $6.95)

The Watcher
by Collin Wilcox
(Random House; $6.95)

The Burglar in the Closet
by Lawrence Block
(Random House; $6.95)

Fletch's Fortune
by Gregory McDonald
(Avon; $1.95)

Leonardo's Law
by Warren B. Murphy
(Carlyle; $1.95)

Amok
by George Fox
(Simon & Schuster; $8.95)

The Tell-Tale Heart: The Life and Work of Edgar Allan Poe
by Julian Symons
(Harper & Row; $10.95)

The purpose is to deceive, of course, and anyone addicted to mystery fiction is bound to be ambivalent about it: to be led astray fairly is fun, to be one step (but one step only) ahead of the deceiver is satisfying, for one's anticipations to be proved correct in outline but not in detail is reassuring. One also expects good writing these days, in the pop culture sense of "good." The problem is, mystery writers—or perhaps their publishers—appear to feel that they won't be taken seriously unless reviewers consider them novelists, for nine of the 12 books here declare upon their jackets that they are, quite simply, "a novel." Such a label may put questions of character front and center, and with cause the reader may expect less in the line of deception.

Murder Games: A Novel, by Lionel Davidson, tests whether the descriptive label appended as a subtitle thus provides a protective screen against a flat charge of cheating. Of course, ever since Edgar Allan Poe puzzled his readers with "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," some have complained of being cheated. There were those who felt that Agatha Christie was dishonest with her readers in *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, although I subscribe to the judgment, "Fooled you, and fair!" in this instance. But sad to say, it seems to me that Lionel Davidson has cheated us. To be sure, the very title of his novel, *Murder Games*, makes it clear that we are not to take him too seriously; even so, the essense of survival for the genre rests in readers feeling that the game has been fairly played. And I have not read a detective story so calculated to infuriate those who seek to defend such literature since Rober Ackroyd. This is too bad, since Lionel Davidson is one of the best writers in the business.

The plot is intricate, clever, and consistently fascinating. Someone is systematically eliminating a number of Chelsea's residents; the murderer is sophisticated, playful, and literate. Each murderee has the same initials as a famous literary figure who had once lived in Chelsea: Swinburne, Rossetti, W. S. Gilbert, A. A. Milne, Oscar Wilde, etc. The police are provided with a clue in the form of a bit of poetry written by Swinburne, Rossetti, and company. Character is developed with care, and suspicion is cast in turn upon several individuals: three young film makers, a rich Arab, a girl reporter, etc. Indeed, the etceteras abound, for each standard plot element is given multiple examples, the murders themselves are varied, the false

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leads and red herrings tumble out as from a verbal cornucopia, and the sense of London, in time as well as place, is marvelously captured.

All of this one expects of Davidson, for he is one of the most literate thriller writers around, and the Himalayas, Prague, and Israel of his earlier efforts capture a sense of place that is unequaled. But here, quite simply, he collapses. The resolution is a cheat, clues remain unaccounted for (to show them to have been irrelevent is fine; to ignore that they were planted is not), character subtly built is wrenched into another mold to accommodate loose ends that remain loose nonetheless, and central events have no resolution. Defenders no doubt can argue that this is precisely so because, in life, resolutions would be imprecisely so, but those who respect the canons of the genre, while delighting to see them tested to their limits, will I think feel deceived in the one manner inappropriate to mystery fiction. Davidson is far too intelligent a writer to have simply given up on his story; one must assume that his conclusion is not a cop-out, but a statement concerning his perception of the classically constructed mystery. Unhappily, that perception is condescending, distorted, and wrong. The secret—so brilliantly shown by Dorothy Sayers in her best work, *The Nine Tailors*—is to be just one short step *behind* the reader's anticipation of each stage of the solution. In *Murder Games*, Davidson is discovered, too late, to be playing checkers when we thought it was chess.

If Davidson has let us down, Robert Parker hasn't. *The Judas Goat* is not his best book, but it is very good. Parker is one of those authors who (like Edwin Gage and James MacDougall, for whom wait a moment) are always being compared with Chandler and Ross MacDonald, especially by dust jacket reviewers, and while the comparison is apt as a label for quality and tone, it no longer is very helpful, since Parker has established a voice of his own. *The Judas Goat* is tough, cynical, sexy in a realistic way, and just a mite sentimental, and it sends Parker's series detective, Spenser, off to London, Copenhagen, and Amsterdam to seek out (and as it happens, to destroy) a tiny band of terrorists who, in bombing a London restaurant, have maimed an American millionaire and killed his wife and daughters. Personal vengeance, stalking dogs, hounds of heaven, and yes judas goats are the subjects here, and it is all handled with taste and authenticity.

Authenticity, of scene, mood, and dialogue mark the work of Edwin Gage and James MacDougall as well. Like Parker (who is an Associate Professor of English at Northeastern University), Gage has taught at the University of Arizona and MacDougall (also an Associate Professor of English—could it be that universities don't recognize good books when they see them, when promotion time comes around?) teaches at Ball State in Muncie, Indiana. *Phoenix No More*, not surprisingly then, is set in and around Phoenix, Arizona, and it is concerned with the murder of a powerful construction company magnate who, after long embroilment in the seamy Arizona political scene which in recent months has been shown to be all too real, wants to blow the whistle on unsafe nuclear construction. Gage leaves loose ends behind as Davidson does, but the loose ends here reflect life rather than artifice. MacDougall also leaves us with some loose ends and unfulfilled expectations in *Death and the Maiden*, which appears to be about the kidnapping and murder of the young daughter of an "independently wealthy" faculty member of a small university in a small city in Indiana, a replica of the Lynds's Middletown. The writing is at times marginally too literary, but it is unusually successful in revealing character through oblique techniques. We discover that the independently wealthy are seldom independent and quite a bit about motivation, marriage, and the nature of friendship before we learn a chamber work composed in 1824 by Franz Schubert has to do with a murder in modern Indiana.

Gage and MacDougall are newcomers; Andrew Garve and E. V. Cunningham are old hands. Garve's 30th thriller, *Counterstroke*, is also about kidnapping and terrorism: English anarchists seek to free their leader from prison in exchange for the wife of a British Cabinet minister. An out-of-work actor is assigned to impersonate the anarchist leader during the prisoner exchange, and from this unlikely premise unfolds a short, clear, and clean story with all of the Garve hallmarks: commonsense, muted tension, well-realized locale, a logical conclusion. Cunningham writes a lean prose—remarkably like Howard Fast's—and in *The Case of the Russian Diplomat* he too turns to kidnapping, hostages, and the way in which irrational acts can be seen

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to be utterly rational. Masao Masuto, another of the growing ranks of ethnically-identified detectives, is highly competent, and Cunningham uses him well to make several muted points about racism in America.

Two other old hands are with us, but less happily. Collin Wilcox, in *The Watcher*, puts his series figure, Lieutenant Frank Hastings of the San Francisco Police Department, under triple jeopardy: he is being investigated for taking a bribe, he must prove himself to his young son, and the remote northern California cabin where he and his son are staying is under siege by a gang of vicious hippies. The real Watcher is the son, who normally lives with his divorced mother, and who must judge whether his father is the man of violence his mother says he is. The situation is contrived yet compelling; unhappily, the writing is wooden, the resolution is unconvincing, and there are entirely too many rattlesnakes attacking people at convenient moments. Block, on the other hand, writes a clever line, and his cast of characters is so limited that it is easy to spot the villain. *The Burglar in the Closet* is the second exploit of Bernie Rhodenbarr, professional burglar; Block apparently finds him lovable and clever, which is a serious misjudgment of character. The plot is a mere nothing: Bernie is hired by his dentist to steal some jewels, and thereafter a number of unlikely and inconsequential events occur in which a dental scalpel figures prominantly. What ever happened to Block's Matt Scudder?

Perhaps Scudder went the way of Fletch: he simply became tired and silly. Gregory McDonald has won an Edgar with Fletch, and praise here too, but the latest, *Fletch's Fortune*, is singularly vacuous. There is much unfunny talk between journalists attending a convention in Virginia, where a hated news tycoon has a pair of scissors stuck in his back. Fletch has been blackmailed by the CIA into bugging the rooms of several of the newshounds, and he sifts through the flotsam and jetsam of their talk to come up—well behind the reader—with a solution that scarcely matters. Silly stuff, and in the end bad stuff.

The fascination of Warren Murphy's *Leonardo's Law*, which is also silly and bad, is in seeing whether we are going to be cheated. This is a locked room mystery in which an incredibly handsome and brilliant professor at a fine New England private college unravels a mild puzzle. There is some value here, however, in the cynical picture of "Walton, Connecticut," in which only a vowel has been manhandled, and in the tension between the literate friend of the all-knowing professor, a police lieutenant, and his chief of police and smug officer from the state police. The book cover tells us that Warren B. Murphy is "the world-famous author," which stumps me, but given time and effort he just might be.

George Fox apparently really is world-famous, as a wirter for *Playboy, Esquire*, etc. Maybe so. In *Amok* he gives us a novel designed for the wide screen: long after World War II, in an isolated Philippine mountain valley, a giant Japanese soldier, capable of throwing off attacking men as a grizzly bear hurls away dogs, continues to carry out the last war-time command he received. The simple peasants fear him as a superstition. The few remaining white planters want not to believe in him, until he kills again, bringing into action a team intent upon tracking him down. Each member of the team has a hidden motive, and because they do not work together they fail. While they are in fruitless, yet bloody pursuit, the *amok* descends into the valley to attack the home of a defenseless woman, her small child, an old man. . . . It is all terribly contrived, and best described as hammock reading, and since we are too late for that, perhaps it will fit nicely into a Fall Foliage weekend, one of those spent in an old inn where one leaves books behind on the shelves when checking out.

As I check out, happier notes seem appropriate. I can report that Walker & Company do know a good thing when they see it, and that William Haggard's *The Poison People*, reviewed here in its English edition, is now available from Walker, his American publisher. Apologies here, too, to Scribner's and Bartholomew Gill, whose *McGarr on the Cliffs of Moher* I liked so much I reviewed it before it was actually published: it is now in the shops, and well worth attention. And if I have made much here of Lionel Davidson's deception, it is all because of a good new study of Edgar Allan Poe, virtually the Olde Deluder himself, by Julian Symons: *The Tell-Tale Heart*. This is not a scholar's work, and yet it does as much to rescue Poe from the dead hand of Rufus Wilmot Griswold as anyone has done, and it is marked by the steady common sense one always finds in Symons evaluations. Steady common sense tells us that Davidson, Parker, and Co. will continue to write well and, for the former, return to form. No one winks a reputation down in a single book.

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Washington Diarist

Overrated

"Disputes among intellectuals are so bitter," Henry Kissinger once observed, "because the stakes are so small." In Cambridge—where no one thinks himself overrated, but almost everyone thinks someone else is—we used to play a mean-spirited little game called "academy of the overrated." Membership in this select company is accorded only to individuals who win it by acclamation. If any name provokes too much controversy, it is dropped. James Reston's never was. I tried to nominate Averell Harriman on several occasions and never got anywhere. I chalk these rebuffs off to respect for age. Some folk are elected to the category of member emeritus, these being people who had once been overrated but are no longer. Robert McNamara is the prototype of the genus, but Herbert Marcuse and McGeorge Bundy qualify as well. There is also the category of candidate-member, as in the Communist Party: someone who might make it in the end, or just might not. Woodward and Bernstein once were designated as candidate-members; they are now members emeritus.

Washington has its own ongoing version of the same game. This is the adjectival capital of the world, a place where superlatives are routine. Precise language is not what one hears here. There is hardly anyone who is not called "great," distinguished," or at least "able." This, of course, makes for a lot of disappointment, particularly since the identical nomenclature is applied to people who happen to be petty and incompetent. But the insiders know whom they've overrated. For long months now, no one has overrated Jimmy Carter or any of his closer subordinates. That was when everyone was overrating Tip O'Neill. The pendulum is swinging: the Speaker is in trouble again, and the President has persuaded Congress to pass some energy legislation, although it's not remotely what he wanted. This reminds me that James Schlesinger is still very much overrated. The dead are always overrated in Washington. How else explain a building being named for J. Edgar Hoover?

There are institutional memberships in the academy. In my set, Common Cause gets the heartiest endorsements. Reformers, of course, are almost always contenders for being overrated. But no organization in memory has been so consistently overrated with fewer achievements to its credit than Common Cause. Theirs is the doctrine of pure procedure. High-minded mugwumps, who are often high-born to boot, rarely puzzle about substance or results. I think it was the poet William Stafford who wrote, "If you purify the pond, you kill the lilies." The once voguishly-left Institute for Policy Studies was overrated in this town some years ago. It is not overrated now, not by a long shot. It is not voguish to be left. It is voguish to be right. What is much overrated today, then, is the American Enterprise Institute, the richly endowed think tank of the neo-conservatives and the not so neo ones as well. It's easy to understand why: conservatism in this country has been without a really heavy thinker since John C. Calhoun, and the dominant intellectual tradition since has been liberal. So while AEI doesn't provide new ideas, it does provide research. The faith of the stone heart and the icy vein does not, in any case, require inspiration. It seems to flourish on ugly little facts.

The popular process is not, strictly speaking, the only way to become a member of the academy. The honor comes to some merely by being overrated in the columns of any one of three or four columnists. When Reston overrates someone, that person is immediately overrated by all those who overrate him. A career can be made simply by being overrated by Reston. When Joe Kraft pronounced Michael Blumenthal able, he became so. It's taken more than 18 months of a not markedly able performance for the anointing glow to wear off. Mary McGrory once so overrated my old friend and comrade Sam Brown that he had nowhere to go but down. He's lucky: he's now just underrated enough that his record as the inventive director of Action might actually be noticed and bring him the plaudits he deserves. Evans and Novak can do nothing to or for anyone's reputation. That, at least, is a blessing.

Since the US government personalizes our foreign policy, it's necessary that the leaders of strange lands and friendly peoples be overrated by Americans. That's why Ngo Dinh Diem became nothing less than the George Washington of Asia. The State Department has always had a soft spot for King Hussein of Jordan. His grandfather was assassinated, his father was an idiot—reason enough for sympathy. "The plucky little king." "The gutsy king." The damn fool entered the Six Day War against Israel on Nasser's word that Haifa was in flames and Rabin's troops on retreat across the Negev. He lost, if not the larger part of his kingdom, then the better part. After 1967, it was said, Hussein couldn't be the first to negotiate with the Israelis. So now he can be the second. But he still lacks the nerve. Or is it the will? "So much *sang froid*" is how they praise him, so calm, so dignified. The Middle East is at once in deep turmoil and at the dawn of peace, and Hussein has spent most of the last few months on extended honeymoon with his fourth wife.

Eugene McCarthy never felt himself underrated, even by those who did and still do underrate him. But in 1968 he thought his opposition overrated, at least by way of contrast. "The Kennedys, . . ." he mused, "I'm twice as Catholic, twice as liberal, twice as intellectual, twice as handsome, and twice as athletic. They play softball, I play hardball. They go ice-skating. I play hockey." Is there no justice?

Intellectuals and other brain-workers do not, as a rule, very much overrate their colleagues. But they do find it easy to underrate, particularly if one of their own becomes widely read and in the process also rich. The less interesting economists always look vexed when they hear Ken Galbraith mentioned. So also it is with Theodore H. White and his autobiography, *In Search of History* (Harper and Row). The book of course is a big best seller, which automatically sets the teeth of the less-successful on edge. White's life itself has a marvelous sweep and intensity about it: it has been lived full. Of how many of our lives can that be said? The prose style is exquisite. White is learned in the classical Hebraic and oriental traditions, not at all common these days. But a marginal novelist has put his memoir down in the *New York Review*, an OK reporter did the same in the *Washington Post*, and a churlish little review appeared in these papers. That's not because White isn't reflective. In fact, he gives puzzled thought to that dynamic whereby those of us who live in the shadows of power overrate the powerful so as to overrate ourselves.

M.P.

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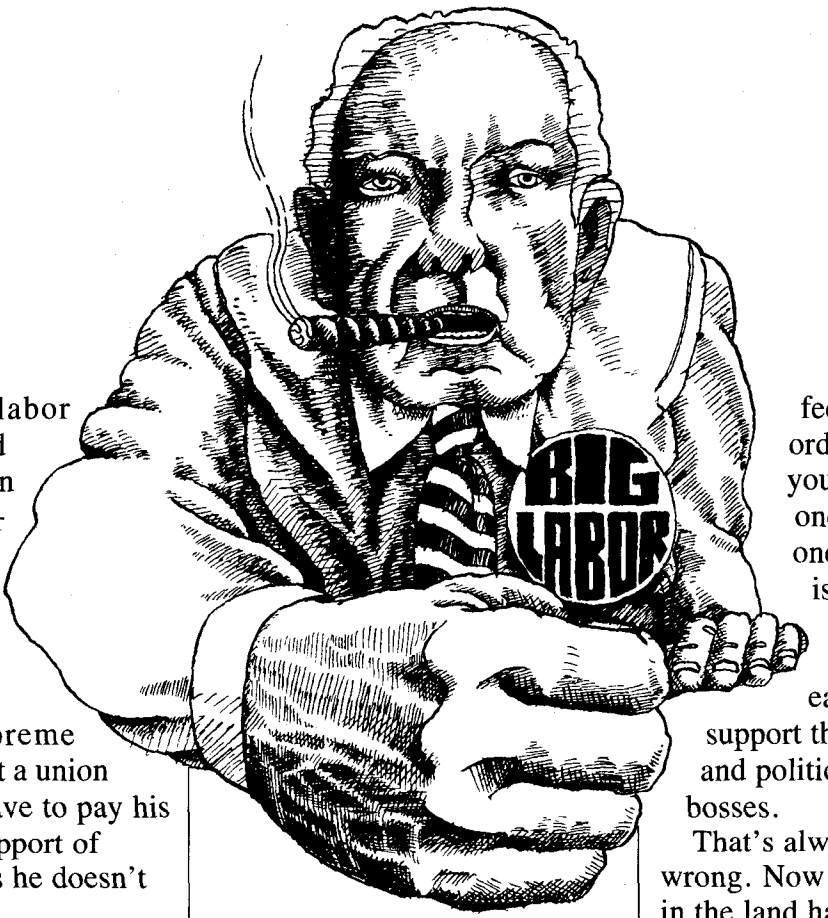

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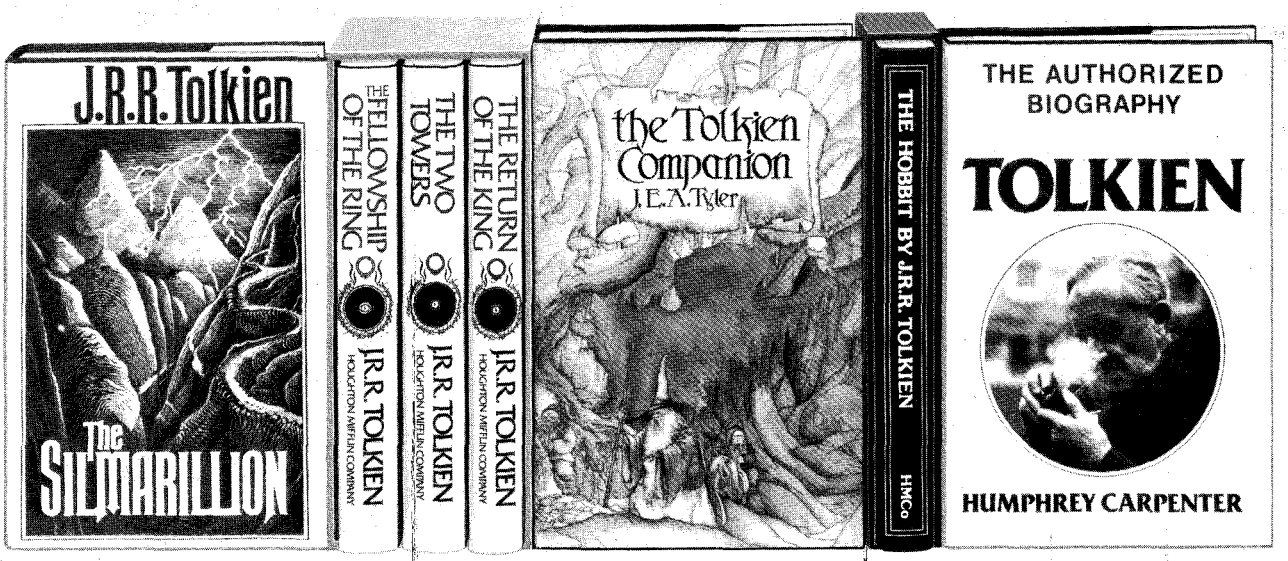

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